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THE NATION

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YEAR OF HARASSMENT

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HOW NIXON PLAYS HIS HAND

HOWARD L. REITER

Jane Jacobs' Urban Economics

Stephen Zoll

Edward Schneier on

THE McCARTHY CAMPAIGN

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LETTERS

dumping the pox

Mexico City

Dear Sirs: David M. Evans in "The Biggest Dump: Pollution Goes Underground" [*The Nation*, Dec. 8] cites instance after instance of poisonous pollution of surface water as a result of "disposal well" dumping by military and civilian plants, coming down heavily on the U.S. Army's Rocky Mountain Arsenal near Denver. . . .

It might be interesting to follow up on some other areas and see what pollution problems they may expect: at the Pine Bluff (Ark.) Arsenal, Chemical and Biological Production Plant, for instance, where some 15,000 acres are given over to production and "storage" of biological-agent goodies like anthrax, tularemia, Venezuelan equine encephalitis. These are side lines. Pine Bluff has chemical production facilities for making BZ, a chemical agent with "an effect similar to LSD." They also test new gases and gas-delivery systems. . . . Pine Bluff is a pretty busy place. What happens to *their* "wastes"?

At Fort Douglas in Utah is the Deseret Test Center, the Army's major chemical and biological warfare testing base—and the Dugway Proving Ground, where 1967 saw the death of thousands of sheep on open range as a result of Army "research." According to responsible sources, "apparently there are plans to test in the open again."

In your own Northeast, there's Edgewood Arsenal and the lovely Fort Detrick, both in Maryland, both busily engaged in CBW research and production. Where do *they* flush?. . .

Earthquakes in Denver and a few cattle and sheep downed by poisonous underground seepage may be looked back at, one day, as minor inconveniences in view of the headlong, irresponsible race being run by your Department of "Defense" in its quest of bigger and better things that kill people. If it keeps up, "a pox on both your houses" may come to be more than an old-fashioned phrase.

Alex Apostolides

on the reservation

Pine Ridge, S.D.

Dear Sirs: As an enrolled member of the Oglala Sioux Tribe, and as chairman of the governing body, I wish to protest the many inaccuracies and derogatory statements in "The Lagoon of Excrement" by Robert G. Sherrill [*The Nation*, Nov. 10]. . . .

Within the past few years, we have been able to build and hard-surface more than 150 miles of road on the reservation. In addition, the state and federal highways are hard-surfaced. The particular road leading through the Red Cloud community has been rebuilt and is scheduled to be hard-surfaced . . . .

Again, in his reference to our new landing strip, Mr. Sherrill apparently deliberately "downgraded" our intelligence. For years, we have had a dirt landing strip, not usable in wet weather. In some instances, we could not fly patients out for emergency medical care. We made plans to build an all-weather strip, and found that with investment of less than $5,000 by the Tribe, we could get a hard-surfaced, lighted strip and have a house erected for the "caretaker." Potential industrialists always ask what kind of landing facilities are available . . . . Is it poor business to get a $200,000 facility for $5,000?

Sherrill says Pine Ridge has no bank, no dry goods store, etc. He neglected to say that a bank would open on Jan. 2 and that we do have a large, modern and efficiently operated "supermarket," which supplies most of these necessities—and at a competitive cost . . . .

(Continued on page 116)

EDITORIALS

Nigeria-Biafra and the UN

At the end of a twenty-four-hour stay in Lagos, where he had been invited by the victorious Nigerian chief of state, UN Secretary-General U Thant declared that the process of national reconciliation had started auspiciously, and that according to a high Red Cross official "there was no hint of the slightest evidence of violence or ill-treatment of the civilian population by federal troops" in the areas of former conflict. Thus U Thant found vindication for the United Nations' "hands-off" policy which he had defended during the thirty months of Nigerian civil war.

By taking at face value General Gowon's guarantees of a "general amnesty for all our compatriots and the safety and security of all," the Secretary-General has dismissed as unnecessary the requests of several countries for an increase in the number of international observers to guard against excesses of which many humanitarian organizations have warned, and which some newspaper men have witnessed. The role of the UN in the post-civil-war period, as during the conflict, will be strictly nonpolitical and limited to a modest amount of relief through the ever-resourceful UNICEF. Even so, outside assistance will have to be approved and distributed by the Nigerian federal authorities. On its own initiative UNICEF ignored the nonintervention taboo by providing food and medicine to civilians on both sides during the war, and will now try to be a clearinghouse for the foreign assistance which the Lagos government refuses to accept.

This "happy ending" was made possible by the collapse of the Biafran struggle for secession, which outcome it is now clear U Thant was expecting, as were the majority in the Organization for African Unity. Continuation of the civil war would have prolonged a nightmare which haunted the conscience of UN diplomats, despite all the legal and political arguments cited against the possibility of a UN attempt to end the fighting, atrocities and famine.

These arguments stemmed both from the political realities and from the peculiar logic which keeps the Organization together—in what some would call a complicity, or even a conspiracy, for the preservation of the *status quo*. While the UN has accepted as full-fledged members new states with a few thousand inhabitants, it refused to consider the right to self-determination of more than 8 million Ibos, because that would have meant supporting a secession of one part of a state from another. The borders of the young African states were sometimes drafted arbitrarily by the colonial powers, yet the new governments adhere to them in order to prevent increased instability on the continent.

While the same African states repeatedly call for a UN military crusade against apartheid in South

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Africa, they prohibited any intervention by the Security Council in the "internal affairs" of Nigeria. The Council could not have ordered a cease-fire in the war, as it did elsewhere, because such a move would have been called an interference in the right of a country to defend its territory against secession, and would have been vetoed by the Soviet Union and possibly by Britain. Yet some urged U Thant to take a moral stand, even with no chance of success, and to use his powers under the Charter at least to expose the general hypocrisy and impotence of the world organization, as he did in respect to Vietnam.

This does not mean that the advocates of the Biafran cause were motivated in all instances by idealistic considerations, any more than were the supporters of the earlier Katanga secession. Indeed, the Congo precedent was foremost in the mind of U Thant, who inherited an organization nearly bankrupt and divided to the point of breakdown by the UN operation in that vast African territory.

Unfortunately the Nigerian affair has been another example of the exclusion of the UN from problems which member governments, or groups of members, consider outside its competence. The list is long, and if it continues to grow it could leave the organization with no role in its main peace-keeping function. The UN conscience is rid now, or so it would seem, of the Nigerian drama. The much larger drama of Vietnam remains, and is totally out of reach of the United Nations. And the Middle East—another drama in which the UN has been concerned from the beginning—shows little sign of responding to its efforts. *Anne Tuckerman*

G for George

The considerations which led the Attorney General and the President to nominate G. (for George) Harrold (with two Rs) Carswell to the Supreme Court are the reverse of those that should have been followed. The nominee is a Southerner, a "strict constructionist," not too rich ("as close to having a minimum of worldly goods," according to Senator Hruska, as a man of his age and occupation could be expected to have: $200,000, no stocks, no bonds), lives in the suburbs (white brick house with green shutters), has a Southern wife described as "bubbly," and is a football fan. His educational background will reassure Middle America: Duke and Mercer University Law School (in Macon, Ga., in case you have difficulty placing it). G. Harrold is a Democrat turned Republican and a friend of Sen. Richard Russell, one of those Democrats who remain so the better to protect seniority rights.

Surveying this record one is moved to ask what reason, other than obvious political considerations, prompted Mr. Mitchell to suggest and the President to accept this nominee. The Supreme Court for the last twenty years has worked increasingly in the area of broad policy determination. In this context,

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a "strict constructionist" is merely a man of rightist or conservative political views. The nominee is a strong "law and order" man—on all issues, presumably, except civil rights law enforcement. The President does not know him personally (they shook hands once) nor, apparently, does Mr. Mitchell. What it comes down to is that Mr. Nixon was set on having a Southerner, and Florida is more palatable than, say, South Carolina, Alabama or Mississippi. To put it bluntly, the new nominee is a confirmable judicial nonentity. (The "white supremacy" speech which Judge Carswell made in 1948, and now repudiates, by itself will probably not bar confirmation. The case of Justice Black will be cited. But Black had earned a well-deserved national reputation in the Senate before he was appointed.)

But what qualifications other than politicial acceptability does the nominee possess? Who had heard of him prior to his nomination? What reason is there to believe that he has the broad experience of national issues and problems that one would think should be a precondition to consideration? In a divided nation, Judge Carswell's nomination will no doubt be reassuring to white Southerners and a section of Middle America, but so might the nomination of either Judge William Miller of Tennessee or Judge Frank Johnson, Jr., of Alabama, both jurists of proven competence and national reputation. What moral and intellectual qualifications does Judge Carswell have which entitle him to a place in the Court? Can anyone name offhand his best-known opinion—about anything?

Tradition dictates that the Senate will confirm a President's nominee to the Court unless it can find some specific reason for rejection. The theory is that, aside from obvious disqualifying factors, it is the President's judgment, not the Senate's, that should prevail. But this is much too narrow an interpretation of the Senate's function. It should insist on the nomination of individuals who, on the basis of national reputation and achievement, measure up to the responsibilities of membership on the Court. Judge Carswell has the right political qualities—as seen by the President and Mr. Mitchell—but only the bare minimum qualifications: a clean record (for all we know) and some slight judicial experience. Is that all we have a right to expect?

Who's Delinquent?

The current issue of the *Ripon Forum*, a liberal Republican publication (see article by Howard L. Reiter, p. 104), contains a blistering attack on Attorney General John Mitchell for the manner in which he has injected reactionary politics into the administration of his department. Impelled to show that he could turn a phrase as well as the Vice President, Mitchell tried to put down the *Forum* editors by referring to the membership of the Ripon Society as "little juvenile delinquents." Would that we had more of this kind of delinquency, and less of the kind of Republican leadership that would make the GOP a monolith of reaction.

Honest conservatives will concede that the *Ripon Forum*'s indictment of Mitchell is valid. Mitchell's attitude on desegregation and on the civil rights Voting Act would alone support the charge. Posing as the great advocate of "law and order," he is anything but a law-and-order man when it comes to civil rights in the South.

But there is an even more serious aspect to Mitchell's "politicalization" of his department. His appointments of Assistant Attorneys General have been uniformly bad. One of these, Jerris Leonard, is directing the grand jury investigation of the Black Panthers in Chicago. In San Francisco, U.S. Attorney Cecil F. Poole has told how Washington moved in on his jurisdiction without notice and began slapping subpoenas on individuals who would have responded to a telephone call. Says Poole: "Whatever they say they're doing, they're out to get the Panthers." Poole is a holdover in office, but the charge is as accurate as it is serious. Mitchell is willing to use any tactic to break up the Panther organization, regardless of the discredit it casts on law enforcement generally. He has behaved in this fashion from the start, and there is every reason to believe that he will use the same techniques against any group that deviates from his concepts of propriety. This is essentially what he did in his attempt to identify the November mobilization with the militants who clashed with the police after the orderly demonstration was over.

Mitchell's technique has been none too successful. He is arousing sympathy for the Panthers among middle-class blacks, and both white and black liberals, on a national scale. But the presence of a politician of Mitchell's bias and temperament is a bad augury for the internal peace and stability of the country. He is pushing hard to destroy the residue of confidence the Left and the blacks may still feel in due process and the courts. Even if the Left, as in Chicago, and the Panthers, by their early rhetoric, have in effect prejudged the legal system, there is no excuse for the system prejudging them. It amounts to confirming their prejudgment.

The Chicago trial is an example of the moves toward repression which were initiated under the Johnson administration and are being carried forward with redoubled recklessness by the Nixon Administration. Apart from other aspects of the matter, the behavior of the defendants in Chicago does not strike us as tactically wise. But the attitude of the prosecution, and the Court, is worse, because we expect responsible conduct on the part of the authorities, whatever the conduct of the defendants.

The alarm that is felt by sober observers at the proceedings in Chicago is well expressed in a long article by Richard T. Cooper in the January 4 *Los Angeles Times*. Cooper cannot possibly be accused of sympathy with the defendants, but in his lead paragraph he says that the conspiracy trial of seven

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anti-war protest leaders "has become a troubling monument to the frailties of justice." As he cites the reasons for this conclusion, it looks more and more as if justice in this proceeding should be enclosed in quotation marks. Not only the prosecution but the judge has stooped to such antics as mispronouncing the names of defendants and their lawyers, seemingly with malice. Thus Judge Hoffman has referred to David T. Dellinger as "Mr. Dillinger" and "Mr. Derringer." But far more serious is the fact that the government is in effect conducting what has been described as "the trial of a state of mind."

Any attorney general will be caught up in politics to some extent. John Mitchell is not the first; Robert Kennedy comes to mind. But this Administration has made the Attorney General its chief political operator and hatchet man. The suggestion has been made, and it is a good one, that Mitchell should move over to the Postmaster General's office. He would still be objectionable, but he could not do as much harm as he is doing in the Justice Department.

Tyranny and Soccer

Although Robert Cover's "A Year of Harassment" (p. 110) deals specifically with judicial misconduct toward a small group of Black Panthers in New York City, the implications of his account are much broader. Reports now coming out of Mexico City indicate what can happen in a country, ostensibly democratic, when the authorities are permitted to trample on the rights of those alleged to have committed crimes against the *status quo*.

There are in Lecumberri Prison, in downtown Mexico City, 150 inmates who call themselves political prisoners. Some of them belonged to worker and peasant groups; the majority are students and teachers seized at various demonstrations in years past against the reactionary policies of the Institutional Revolutionary Party, which has now been in office for forty years. Many of these were rounded up during an exceedingly bloody encounter with the police (official sources admit forty-nine deaths; there were probably many more) in the Plaza of the Three Cultures on October 2, 1968.

These prisoners have thus been held for well over a year; some have been in jail much longer. They have not been tried, and there is no present indication that they will be. To call attention to their situation (Mexican newspapers and broadcasters are officially "discouraged" from making more than the most meager references to the prisoners), some eighty of the inmates went on a hunger strike last year. On New Year's Day, it seems certain from several corroborating reports leaked from the prison, Lecumberri officials released a group of hardened criminals, armed with knives, from their cell blocks and sicked them on the "politicals." The guards then fired into the melee and about thirty prisoners were knifed or shot.

This was done, it is thought, to discourage the hunger strikers and, by creating an impression of prison unrest, to justify tighter controls. Mexico is particularly concerned about any appearance of political dissidence at this time because a world soccer tourney is to be held there in the spring. It will be recalled that the massacre in the Plaza of the Three Cultures took place shortly before the opening of the Olympic Games. Like most Latin American countries, Mexico is tourist oriented and sports intoxicated: when it plays host to athletes, it insists on a Potemkin serenity in its social institutions.

The students of Mexico still protest, and up to a point the Catholic Church supports them. But in the absence of news coverage and against the implacably repressive measures of President Díaz Ordaz they have little effect. They are steadily being rounded up and dropped into the government's *oubliettes;* their lawyers appear for them but the judges are part of the ruling Establishment.

The United Nations cannot readily interfere in the judicial procedures of a member state. But it enjoys the power of publicity, and if the matter of the Lecumberri prisoners were brought before the General Assembly, the world would know of it. That is the last thing President Díaz Ordaz wants. He is fighting the future with the tools of the Inquisition, counting world apathy as his ally. If the students and workers can be heard, they may well get justice. They have no other remedy.

The Pity Curve

In the January 11 issue of *West*, the lively weekend magazine of the *Los Angeles Times*, John F. Lawrence tells how Dan Haughton and Carl Kotchian make a living. They are, in a sense, traveling salesmen, but of a special kind. Haughton is chairman of the board of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation; Kotchian is president. They have offices in Burbank, Calif., like other Lockheed VIPs, but they spend most of their time on the road, to use an outdated term. They fly all over the country in their private Lockheed JetStar and sign big orders for airliners and military aircraft. On a particularly profitable day in March 1969, they closed a deal for ninety-four L-1011 aircraft ($15 million apiece, for a total of $1.4 billion) in New York with TWA and Eastern, then flew straight to Atlanta, where they picked up another $360 million.

Despite these successes and many more, 1969 was not a good year for Lockheed. Although the company manufactures commercial aircraft, its military business predominates. In fact, with $2.04 billion of military business in 1969, it nosed out General Electric as the biggest defense contractor. But trouble emerged, too, on a scale befitting such a colossus. There was the headline-making cost overrun on the giant new military transport, the C-5A, which caused the Air Force to cut back its order from 115 to eighty-one. Flight testing of the company's high-speed Cheyenne helicopter uncovered so

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many bugs that the Army canceled the production contract. The Air Force figured that Lockheed would lose $200 million on the C-5A contract even before the cutback, and $125 million is in dispute over the Cheyenne cancellation. To get the L-1011 flying will cost between $400 and $500 million, which is said to be twice what all the common stock of the company is worth in today's sad market. (Lockheed A's 1969-70 high was 50, its low 17.)

However, a company like Lockheed can always find solace in its relations with the military. Although they may at times bargain harshly at arm's length, there is a human side to the relationship. It is known as the Pity Curve. Lockheed employs 99,000 people, of whom 25,000 are said to be engineers. When sales fall off badly, jobs are in jeopardy, and that is the kind of situation that interests politicians who must rely on the employed and contented for votes. Also, when a big supplier finds itself in shaky condition, the Pentagon considers the national security to be endangered. So Haughton and Kotchian take off in their JetStar, and sooner or later things look better. When they appeal for pity, it is evident that they have unused research, design and production capacity available, and the Pentagon abhors a vacuum.

It is next to impossible to predict what great weapons systems will cost, so the suppliers make a stab at it, bid, and rely on the Pity Curve and the mutual need existing between them and the Pentagon to get bailed out if necessary. Outright bankruptcies are unknown, at least among the big fellows; the worst that can happen is a merger, as in the case of McDonnell Douglas. All this is a long way from the classic free enterprise system, formerly known as capitalism. In those benighted days government orders were meager, except for battleships, and there was no host of docile taxpayers to foot the bills. True, there are spoilsports even today, like Senator Proxmire, who pitilessly scrutinize the Pity Curve, but they are not an immediate threat. Chances are that Messrs. Haughton and Kotchian will continue to fly and sell, sell and fly.

The Phantom Phantom Jets

Now we know why those jet fighter-bombers are called Phantoms. In terms of Congressional appropriations and authorizations, now you see them, now you don't.

When Foreign Aid came up this year, there were, as usual, certain funds marked for the Chinese Nationalists in Taiwan. Nothing was said in this authorization measure about $54 million worth of Phantom jets.

Some generous "friends of Taiwan" in the House put the Phantom aircraft in the legislation. The Senate promptly took the item out, and that would normally have been the end of the matter. The Phantoms were not in the authorization measure when it was finally passed and signed by the President. The Nixon Administration had not asked for the inclusion of this item.

After authorization comes appropriation. Again the House put the $54 million for the Phantoms into the bill, and again the Senate refused to accept it. The disposition of the Senate was, and may continue to be, against donating Phantom aircraft to the Chinese Nationalists, on these three counts:

(*1*) The aircraft were not asked for by the Administration.

(*2*) They were not authorized.

(*3*) The Senate takes a dim view of House inclusion of items in appropriation measures that were not included in the preceding authorization measures.

But the "friends of Taiwan" do not give up easily. The most ardent of them appears to be Rep. Robert L. F. Sikes (D., Fla.), a member of the Appropriations Committee and a retired major general in the Army. He arrived in Taiwan and conferred with President Chiang and high Nationalist military officers. According to associates in Congress, he was importuned to obtain the Phantoms for the Taiwan government, although it seems more likely that he had already been active in that direction.

When it appeared (although this is not yet certain) that the Phantoms were unobtainable, the "friends of Taiwan" bent their efforts toward obtaining for their protégés twenty F-104 Starfighters. This shift was construed by the "friends" as a "vindication" of their position. It would also be a vindication of sorts for the Chinese Nationalists, who since 1968 have been trying to persuade officers of the U.S. Military Advisory and Assistance Group, and the American Embassy in Taiwan, of their need for Phantoms. Under the provisions of the military assistance program, the Starfighters will be provided for the Chinese Nationalists at no cost to them, although naturally there will be considerable cost to the American taxpayer.

A mysterious factor in this complex history is how the Starfighters are being substituted for the Phantoms. The Phantoms are a more advanced type of fighter-bomber, but the Starfighters are by no means obsolete. Yet, in order that they may be sent to Taiwan, they have been classified as "excess stocks."

The Chinese Nationalists are not exactly poverty-stricken in military aircraft. They are believed already to have Starfighters, and they are known to possess F-100 and F-5 aircraft. It is not clear what they expect to do with their augmented fleet of fighter-bombers, provided by the generosity of Uncle Sam over the years. Perhaps they wish to test them against the Communist Chinese MIG-21s, although whether the USSR will be as liberal with its erstwhile ally as we are with Taiwan is doubtful. In the Soviet Union there are no "friends of Communist China," equivalent to the "friends of Taiwan" in Washington.

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GUNBOATS AND OIL

ISRAEL'S NEW COUP

THOMAS LAND
Mr. Land is a London-based political journalist whose articles appear in North America, Africa and Asia, as well as in Britain.

London

Before the French conclude their painful inquiry into Israel's dramatic acquisition of its five Cherbourg-built gunboats, at least two of the vessels are likely to depart from Haifa to circumnavigate the African continent and to drag reluctant America, Britain and Canada into the affair. At the end of the journey, the gunboats are expected to provide permanent cover for an oil-drilling operation to be carried out by United States and Canadian interests on behalf of Israel in the Gulf of Suez—a narrow stretch of water under Egyptian sovereignty. A British-registered front company, also involved in the plans for natural gas and oil exploitation, has been placed under scrutiny by Whitehall investigators here.

The most astonishing aspect of Israel's most recent *coup de théâtre* is that the chief characters in the Middle East tragicomedy have made their intentions known from the outset and have yet managed to surprise the world by carrying them out. Thus various spokesmen for Midbar, the London-registered front company, have disclosed that an oil-drilling rig is on its way to the Gulf of Suez along the Cape route to launch the operation. And in case the world had missed that point, Cairo has since made clear that it would hold the United States, Britain and Canada responsible for any Israeli-sponsored activities in Egyptian waters. Hence the investigations of Midbar, ordered by the Foreign Office.

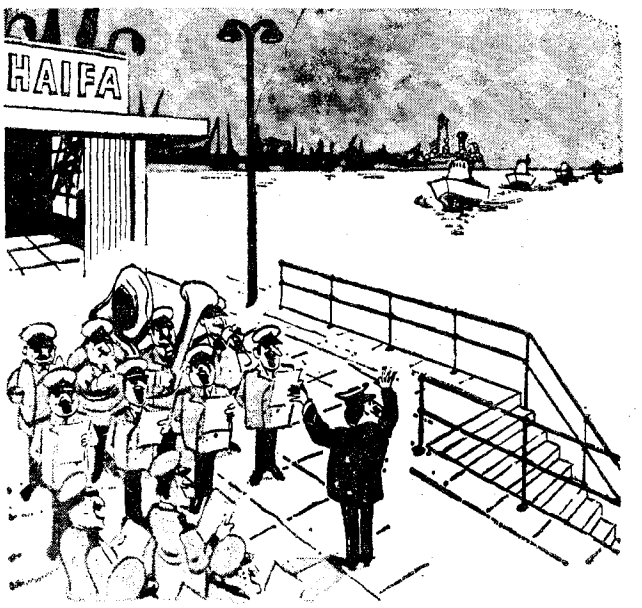
Similarly, Netivei Neft, the Israeli Government-controlled oil company which has leased the vessels from their Panama-registered owners, has announced that the gunboats will be used for various purposes involved with offshore drilling—including, of course, the protection of crews and equipment. Israel plans six offshore drilling operations during the current year. The Gulf of Suez project is one of them. The project is also to embrace oil drilling in the Sinai Peninsula, Egyptian territory under Israeli occupation since the Six Day War in 1967, as well as in the Gulf. On the other side of the water, a large oil field is already under exploitation by the Egyptian subsidiary of the American Standard Oil Co.

There are precedents sufficient to make respectable the planned exploitation of natural resources on enemy territory by an occupying power during a state of war. But the participation of Western business interests in Israel's plans to seek oil in the Sinai has already sent angry Egyptian diplomatic notes slamming on official desks in Washington, London and Ottawa. (The first of the oil-drilling rigs on its way to the site is said to belong to Kenting of Canada, Ltd., which is understood to hold a preliminary drilling contract worth some $1.5 million.)

An extensive geophysical survey has been carried out in the area on behalf of the London front company, whose three directors are two Americans and a Canadian. The firm is in fact a subsidiary of King Resources of Denver, Colo. Company chairman John King is an acquaintance and influential electoral supporter of President Nixon. He is satisfied that the untapped gas and oil resources of the Sinai are as rich as "any place in the Middle East" and that there are additional resources behind Israel's pre-1967 borders.

Gunboats capable of launching the advanced Gabriel type surface-to-surface missile, which is thought to have a range of 15 to 20 miles, appear to offer sufficient protection for the Gulf of Suez operations. The location of the drilling site would also enable the Israeli Government to assume direct control of the vessels in a national emergency and use them to protect merchant shipping in the nearby Gulf of Aqaba, where the country's gateway to the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean was blockaded by the Egyptians before the June war.

But until that happens, France ought to explain further the expulsion of Adm. Mordecai Limon, the



Cookson, London Evening News
". . . On the Fifth Day of Christmas My True Love Sent to Me . . ."

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head of Israel's arms-buying mission in Paris. The French claim that Limon is guilty of deception and point to his signature on the document renouncing his government's right to use the vessels which had been originally intended for the Israeli Navy and were caught up in General de Gaulle's arms ban. There has been no case of deception since the gunboats are technically still outside the Israeli Government's control.

Limon's agreement in fact opened the way to the purchase of the gunboats by the Panama-registered firm, Starboat, which uses a Norwegian address. Starboat explained at the time that the vessels were to be leased for operations connected with oil exploration and exploitation. The French authorities apparently failed to inquire into the role sophisticated naval vessels can play in offshore oil projects.

Regardless of France's post-mortem inquiry into the embarrassing gunboat affair, two things are clear: the embargo on arms for Israel is to continue, and the opposition to it within France remains as strong as it was when the General imposed it a year ago. The argument over the embargo is as passionate and complex as the Israel-Arab dispute itself. The critics' easiest target has been the manner in which the ban was imposed. The General did not inform, let alone consult, his ministers. Nor were his motives as high-minded as, characteristically, he made them sound. French interest in Arab oil and Arab business was as important as anything else. In the same spirit, France supplies South Africa with the arms which Britain (and the United States and Canada) refused. And France's support of the sanctions against Rhodesia has been at most lukewarm. □

A GOP LIBERAL ESTIMATE

HOW NIXON PLAYS HIS HAND

HOWARD L. REITER
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On his first morning in the White House, President Kennedy is said to have sat down at his desk, looked up at his aides, and quipped, "What do I do now?" That question strikes at the heart of one of the basic problems of the Presidential form of government. When a Presidential aspirant must devote his waking hours to planning strategy, cajoling party leaders, and addressing the public, he has little time to determine what he will do if he obtains his goal. If we believe that a new President should come equipped with what Harry Truman calls "a sense of the times—as well as a sense of the future," and an accompanying program, our system clearly discourages him from spending the time necessary to evolve it.

Indeed, the only President we have had in this century who ran with a sense of history and a list of particulars was Woodrow Wilson—a scholarly Anglophilic exception to the American rule. The campaigns of each of the last three out-party nominees (Kennedy, Goldwater and Nixon) began at least two years before the election. None of these men produced more than a few colorful slogans and a vague sense of direction in the course of his campaign.

And so Richard Milhous Nixon, like almost all his predecessors, entered office without having given much sign of knowing what he would do. For Nixon, who spent 1968 isolating himself from as many decisions as possible, the problem was as serious as it had been for any other President. His lack of a comprehensive political governing strategy led to the hurried choice of a little-known running mate who proved to be a campaign liability, and the woefully slow and inept post-election process of staffing his Administration. (Like Kennedy, he did not announce his major Cabinet posts until five weeks after his election.)

When the high positions were filled, it was clear that the President-elect had taken the unusual tack of Balkanizing his Administration. To State went Northeastern liberals; to Defense went militaristic conservatives; to HEW went liberal politicians; to Justice went conservative politicians; to Labor went Chicago-educated economists and administrators. As Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt used their appointive powers to keep ambitious rivals and underlings feuding among themselves, Nixon was apparently creating programmatic bailiwicks.

This approach was consistent with Nixon's thought, for as he told Theodore White:

> I've always thought this country could run itself domestically without a President; all you need is a competent Cabinet to run the country at home. You need a President for foreign policy; no Secretary of State is really important; the President makes foreign policy.

And so he appointed a Cabinet in which each member would have his phalanx of like-minded aides and need not worry about encroachment from other agencies. The Office of Economic Opportunity was broken down, and President Johnson's "Convenor Order" making the Secretary of HUD *primus inter pares* on urban policy was apparently disregarded. Significantly, the only Cabinet member who has a

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right to feel encroached upon is the Secretary of State, for policy on Vietnam is in the hands of the President and Henry Kissinger.

Such administrative Balkanizing inevitably leads to inconsistent policy, as when Rogers and Laird contradicted each other on the ABM issue; when Mitchell overruled Rogers on the Ernest Mandel visit; and when Finch lobbied successfully against the segregationist Whitten amendment the same week that Mitchell was lobbying successfully against Southern voting rights. Such incidents enable the Administration to speak with more than one mouth, and elevate the President above controversies on which his Cabinet officers can serve as lightning rods for criticism.

And so those who try to generalize about the policies of the Nixon Administration are left wondering, like James Reston, if the President talks conservative and acts liberal, or like Alan Otten, if he has no philosophy at all. Perhaps Eric Goldman came closest to the truth when he characterized the Administration as "a mixture of conservatism, a recognition that conservatism is not enough for certain types of problems and an acute sensitivity to large blocs of voters."

To understand the Nixon Administration one must ascertain the nature of those "certain types of problems" for which the President is willing to propose liberal solutions. It is a delicate subject, for any attempt to portray Richard Nixon in the most modestly progressive terms is likely to be greeted with skepticism and derision by those whose liberal credentials are in better shape. And yet his critics have always maintained that Mr. Nixon has been from the start a sharp political operator of infinitely shifting views. If this is so, the corollary must be that he sometimes performs as a liberal. The appropriate question is, when?

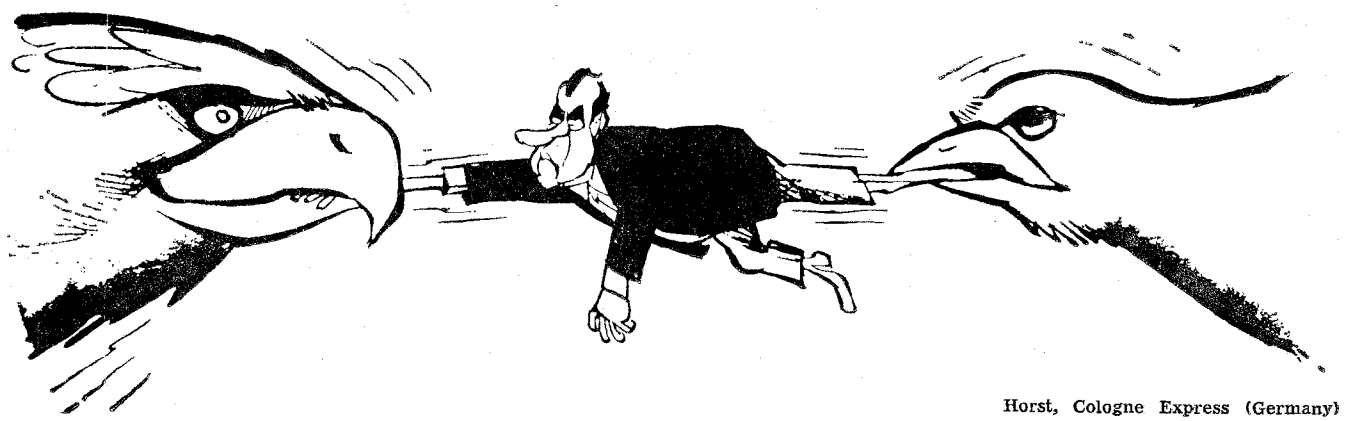
For the past hundred years, the American reform tradition has developed along two distinct (but often interwoven) lines. They can be characterized as the Progressive and the New Deal strains of American reformism. Richard Hofstadter makes the distinction in *The Age of Reform:*

> While Progressivism would have been impossible without the impetus given by certain social grievances, it was not nearly so much the movement of any social class, or coalition of classes, against a particular class or group as it was a rather widespread and remarkably good-natured effort of the greater part of society to achieve some not very clearly specified self-reformation. Its general theme was the effort to restore a type of economic individualism and political democracy that was widely believed to have existed earlier in America and to have been destroyed by the great corporation and the corrupt political machine; and with that restoration to bring back a kind of morality and civic purity that was also believed to have been lost.

If the Progressives, or their Mugwump forebears, involved themselves with the lower classes, it was often with the self-righteous and patronizing attitude epitomized in George Ade's vignette of "The Good Fairy with the Lorgnette." Contrast that with Hofstadter's version of the New Deal:

> The demands of a large and powerful labor movement, coupled with the interests of the unemployed, gave the later New Deal a social-democratic tinge that had never before been present in American reform movements. Hitherto concerned very largely with reforms of an essentially entrepreneurial sort and only marginally with social legislation, American political reformism was fated henceforth to take responsibility on a large scale for social security, unemployment insurance, wages and hours, and housing. . . . To the discomfort of the old-fashioned, principled liberals who were otherwise enthusiastic about his reforms, F.D.R. made no effort to put an end to bossism and corruption, but simply ignored the entire problem.

It should be clear by now that when Richard Nixon ventures into reformism, he does so more like the Progressive than the New Dealer. Moreover, there are indications that he identifies with the Progressive movement of 1900-20. The two Presidents most frequently quoted in his 1968 campaign speeches were Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, and on his first day in the White House he secured Wilson's desk, saying, "I had always liked the Wilsonian background and also like the desk itself." (As a law student, his judicial heroes were Brandeis, Cardozo and Hughes. When he ran against Helen Gahagan Douglas in 1950, one of his key campaign aides was George Creel, the old Wilson Progressive.) As a



Horst, Cologne Express (Germany)

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Republican, of course, he usually professes a stronger attraction to Theodore Roosevelt.

Today, Nixon and his chief lieutenants speak of theirs as a "reform" administration. Their reforms are largely aimed at improving the machinery of government and decentralizing politics and the economy rather than changing the American social fabric—the kinds of reforms that TR and Wilson favored. These include changes in the electoral college, the tax structure, the Selective Service System and the executive branch of government (including new program-evaluative powers for the Budget Bureau); a new approach to consumer policy; bloc grants to states; revenue-sharing; conglomerate-busting; and shifting the post office toward private operation. One may question how far-reaching and sincere these reforms are, but all of them could be the beginning of a better political system for everyone.

Perhaps Mr. Nixon is willing to propose reforms of the machinery of government because so much of that machinery was established under New Deal and post-New Deal administrations, and is largely staffed by Democrats. He has no stake, as a liberal Democrat might, in perpetuating the system. At any rate, his newest proposals—for improving the environment, increasing aid to the arts, improving the quality of education—are the kinds of issues most likely to appeal to the middle class (the traditional base of Progressivism).

Even the recent war against organized crime suggests a neat historical continuum. Woodrow Wilson made his name by defying the Democratic boss of New Jersey; Franklin Roosevelt, as Hofstadter notes, cooperated with the Democratic boss of Jersey City; now Richard Nixon and John Mitchell hark back to the Wilsonian approach by seeking to destroy the base of organized crime and (Democratic) corruption in that unfortunate state.

Of course, FDR made his unholy alliances for the sake of his social-democratic programs, and that is the area where liberals find Nixon most wanting. Except for the praiseworthy Philadelphia Plan, the Administration has done very little to further the aspirations of the poor, the blacks and other oppressed minorities. Only by concerted pressure, as in hunger relief, will the President be induced to provide help for the disadvantaged.

This Progressive/New Deal distinction helps to explain the performance of Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Anyone who expected Moynihan's urban affairs staff to produce, in the professor's own words, "a national urban policy," has been disappointed. That would have required a New Dealish, social-democratic administration; instead, Moynihan's outstanding contribution has been the package of welfare reforms, which reflects a more limited, tinker-with-the-machinery approach.

The President is said to have remarked to Moynihan when the proposals were drafted: "You know perfectly well that it has always been Tory men with liberal principles who have enlarged democracy." Setting aside the obvious question of how liberal Mr. Nixon's principles really are, the statement is a fairly accurate rendering of Theodore Roosevelt's thought.

Obviously the image of Richard Nixon as a Teddy Roosevelt/Woodrow Wilson Progressive has severe limitations, and one limiting factor, in Goldman's words, is his "acute sensitivity to large blocs of voters." Who are the voters the President feels constrained to woo? What blocs comprise his hoped for "silent majority"?

In the last decade, it became increasingly apparent that the bread-and-butter issues of the thirties and forties were giving way to status-oriented concerns such as race relations, cultural differences, and the rights of unpopular minorities (particularly criminals and political dissenters). For many Republicans, the change has been welcome because as long as the issues were economic, the GOP had to live down the Hoover administration. Most voters seemed to agree with Al Smith that "You don't shoot Santa Claus," and stayed with the Democrats.

But when the issues relate to status, it is fairly easy to align oneself with the majority—white, middle-class, hard-line on "law and order," fearful of social upheaval. As Ronald Reagan discovered, as long as the blue-collar workers can be induced to put social self-interest over economic self-interest, they will cross party lines and vote Republican. The trick, as Barry Goldwater had failed to learn, is not to let the economic issues (such as social security) come to the surface.

The considerations which push Nixon in the direction of these appeals are imposing. For one thing, he owes his election to a rather conservative coalition of voters—a study by the Survey Research Center of Ann Arbor, Mich., showed that the average Nixon voter of 1968 was even more conservative than the average Wallace voter.

The second factor is geographic. In the future, close elections will be decided in the belt of states which straddle North and South—specifically, the six so-called "border states" from Delaware to Oklahoma, and the five "rim Southern" states (Florida, North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia). In each Presidential election for the last

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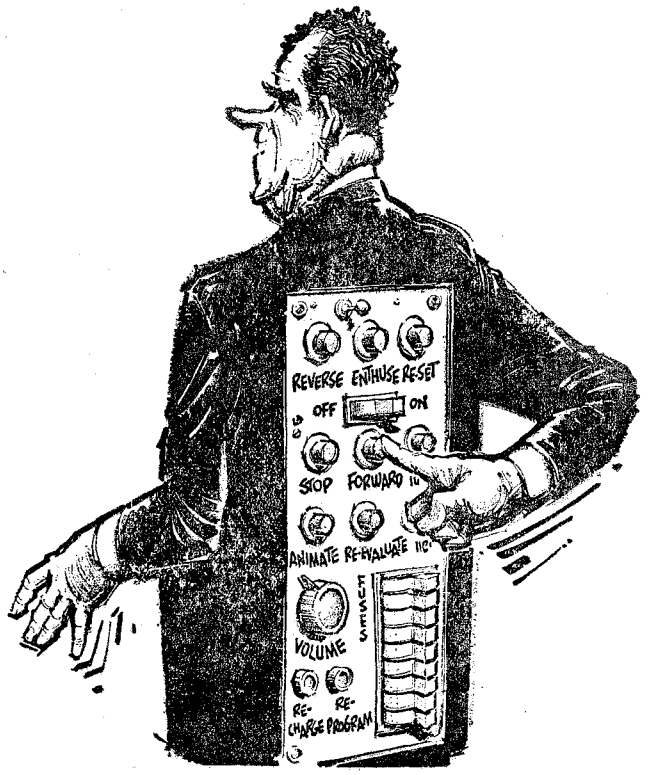

Conrad, Los Angeles Times

forty years, a majority of these eleven states have ridden with the winner. They meant victory for Truman in 1948, Kennedy in 1960 and Nixon in 1968; and all three men, foreseeing this, chose running mates from that region. Furthermore, the two states Nixon lost in 1968 by the closest margin were Maryland and Texas. For purposes of the 1972 election, then, the President will aim particularly for a region not noted for liberalism on social issues.

And so the Administration has embarked upon a socially conservative course to secure majority support. It is not truly a "Southern" strategy, because it dare not risk complete alienation of the North. But as Kevin Phillips, who plays Machiavelli to John Mitchell's Lorenzo, wrote:

> Generally speaking, the South is more realistic than its critics believe, and nothing more than an effective and responsibly conservative Nixon Administration is necessary to bring most of the Southern Wallace electorate into the fold against a Northeastern liberal Democratic presidential nominee.

One Southern Republican state chairman noted more succinctly, "A little attention to the South goes a long way." And even Harry Dent, Strom Thurmond's man in the White House, strenuously objects to any strategy that exaggerates the importance of the Southern vote—for the South alone cannot re-elect Nixon.

Certainly the Administration's spotty record on civil rights and the fulminations of Agnew and the Mitchell family against dissenters are consistent with a socially conservative strategy that pays special attention to the border states. That they will lead to an oppressive regime is more questionable; the off-the-cuff remarks of Justice Department officials have yet to be translated into policy. And Agnew's celebrated philippic against news commentators must be understood as the latest manifestation of the inevitable conflict between public officials and the press that began in the Washington administration and continued through the Kennedy ("news management," the *Herald Tribune* and the Halberstam episodes) and Johnson years. (It should be noted that most of Agnew's remarks corroborated what many liberals and reporters have been saying of the media for years. [See "Mr. Agnew's Oversights" by Stephen R. Barnett, *The Nation*, January 26.]

Finally, there is Nixon's policy on Vietnam. It can be understood in the light of his remark to Moynihan that implied he is a Tory with liberal principles. Surely this veteran of anti-Communist crusades must find it a little ironic that it is he who is beginning to extricate us from the war.

His speech of November 3 was apparently drafted with that in mind. Rather than contrast his policy of slow Vietnamization with the escalatory policy of his predecessors, the President chose "precipitate" or "immediate" withdrawal as his straw man. He used those words a number of times that night. The word "victory" appeared nowhere in his speech. His intention, evidently, was to cloak what he feels is a liberal policy in conservative rhetoric. In other words, in one evening he shifted the national debate on Vietnam from stay-in-or-get-out to get-out-quickly-or-get-out-slowly.

Apparently it worked. William Buckley jubilantly wrote in his syndicated column that Nixon had decided that "we must win this little war, in order to minimize the chances of engaging in a much greater war." (Nowhere in his speech did Nixon say that *we* must win anything.) The liberals reacted vehemently to what sounded like a hawkish speech.

But is Nixon's policy as dovish as he apparently feels? He has brought the conservatives around to accepting withdrawal, but is his fabled timetable rapid enough? As James Reston asked, "Where is the line between a policy that is 'fair' to the Vietnamese people and 'unfair' to the American people?" For liberals, the progress is too slow; by 1972, it may turn out to have been too slow for the "silent majority" as well.

In the end, Mr. Nixon and his party may be impaled on an issue not yet discussed here. For if, in defiance of the New Deal, he has sought to merge the entrepreneurial classes with the working classes along status-issue lines, then the success of that merger depends upon the submersion of economic issues. But he is apparently choosing the Scylla of unemployment rather than the Charybdis of inflation. Instead of pressing for economic strictures that affect all classes, he prefers a policy that hurts the lower

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strata the most. And as workers are laid off, they will rediscover their old allegiance to the Democratic Party, as did the bulk of the labor movement in 1968.

An earlier crossroads in the Progressive tradition occurred in 1932, when the voters chose between two veterans of the Wilson administration. The victor was Franklin Roosevelt, who combined the older Progressive ethos with a demonstrated concern for the plight of the unemployed. He defeated Herbert Hoover, who lacked the imagination to move the tradition beyond mechanistic reformism. It is a historic lesson Richard Nixon would be wise to learn. □

ANNUAL SET-TO

THE BARE-KNUCKLED HISTORIANS

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There was evident last year at the annual meeting of the American Historical Association a concern about the relevance of the historian's work to social change, and the growing split between scholarship and political activism [see James Gilbert, "A Hassle of Historians," *The Nation,* January 20, 1969]. The 1970 meeting disclosed an even more seriously divided association. A slim majority of historians present showed preference for the older concept of neutral scholarship, while a large and vocal minority of liberal, radical and younger scholars asked the AHA members to demonstrate their concern about the state of today's world.

This generalization, however, does not tell the whole story. For the type of action suggested and analysis presented by leaders of the "radical caucus," particularly by Staughton Lynd and Arthur Waskow, almost frustrated the development of a meaningful radical critique. Speaking on behalf of the caucus, even though many of its adherents did not agree with their proposals, Lynd and Waskow called for substantive changes in the AHA itself; a commitment by the organization not only to "historical studies" but "to the intellectual liberation of Americans," as well as to a demystification of "the holders of power." They asked for granting of power within the AHA to students and "the historically concerned public," both groups that Lynd and Waskow argued "the professional historian should be serving." Finally, they urged creation of a "special fund for the Liberation of Historians," that would "encourage nonprofessional members of the public to become historians."

Lynd stressed these proposals when making his bid for the presidency of the association (he received some 400 votes), but they never came formally before the convention floor. They were, however, subject to extensive debate at a pre-convention caucus meeting held December 27. The debate revealed that the Waskow-Lynd group had no conception of dealing with professional historians as a constituency with its own problems and needs, one that might very well be won over by an intelligent radical critique of the role of the university, scholarship and the position of intellectuals in society.

Rather, they seemed to follow the analysis offered by Richie Rothstein, chairman of the radical and activist New University Conference. Rothstein called on historians to function alongside other radical professors in extra-disciplinary issues. The need, he wrote, was to build "people's identity as cadre of a radical movement (who happen to be engaged in the vocation of history) rather than as honest historians (who happen to be radicals)." The issue to Rothstein was "professionalism," and the professionalism of the radical or Socialist historian was as bad as any other kind. To Rothstein, the AHA meeting should be used merely to recruit "young historians who have been touched by the movement."

Instead of developing an appeal to historians on their own terrain, the caucus spent hours debating where and how to demonstrate against the war and repression. They finally chose the Justice Department. As for history itself Lynd favored development of "guerrilla history," in which participants in mass struggles would be asked to speak on their own behalf. Missing the essential difference between one who chronicles history and being a historian, Lynd seemed to mirror the worst anti-intellectualism within the New Left.

Despite criticism, Lynd came up with no viable statement of what it meant to write history that serves the public. The public, after all, is hardly composed of militant New Left activists. Moreover, Lynd could not explain why it should be thought reactionary to use professional skills to write history. No plumber would let an academic into a house to fix a sink (or at least into his union), but Lynd seemed to argue on behalf of the plumber (if he is a revolutionary plumber) writing history. Having given up on the profession before the convention

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even started, it was perhaps inevitable that Lynd and Waskow would favor actions of the type that movements traditionally engage in, but that have no particular relevance to questions facing historians and university professors.

The hostility to the profession was odd, since the AHA bent over backward to hear scores of papers by Socialist and radical historians, many of them papers of broad political and social concern. Panels were presented on "Laos and Vietnam," "The Age of Suspicion Revisited," "Radical Intellectuals and the Institutions of Power." Moreover, many non-professionals competent to comment *were* invited. Carey McWilliams spoke on the Alger Hiss case, I. F. Stone on muckraking, and Paul Goodman on anarchism.

The questions ignored by Lynd were formally taken up at a large panel that was part of the official program. At the meeting on "What is Radical History?" about 1,000 gathered to hear seven radicals define what they mean by the term. Ann Lane of Rutgers University started things off by asserting that radical history did not exist. There were radicals and Socialists who wrote history, some of it good and some bad, and those with a Socialist viewpoint had to write better history and convince their audience that their interpretation was valid. Lynd disagreed. Arguing for guerrilla history, he cited the example of Cuban revolutionaries who taped the experiences of youth reconstructing the Isle of Pines. The other panelists presented various approaches between Lane and Lynd, but the audience drifted away as the topic of discussion shifted to where and how AHA members should demonstrate against the war.

The climax of the convention was the annual business meeting. An event that usually attracts 150 of the few thousand present, was attended by 2,000 to 3,000 historians, and they met for two nights in a row until the late hours of the morning. The issue that pulled people in was sponsorship by the Lynd-Waskow group of a long and unwieldy resolution urging withdrawal from Vietnam and an end to repression of the Black Panther Party. A substitute resolution, introduced by historians William L. Neumann and Blanche W. Cook, "deplored and condemned" the war, urged withdrawal of all military involvement, and a reassessment of the fundamental assumptions behind U.S. foreign policy. In the interest of unity, Lynd agreed to support the substitute, and this resolution eventually lost by a vote of 647 to 611.

At the first night's business meeting the assembled delegates, particularly the anti-war group, received a severe shock. Leading the academic, essentially conservative and Vital Center historians was Eugene D. Genovese, perhaps the most noted Marxist scholar in the United States, and a historian whose own contribution to Socialist thought has been immense. Back in 1965, Genovese had been the victim of an onslaught against academic freedom because of the strong pro-National Liberation Front views he expressed at a local teach-in.

The argument presented by Genovese was that any motion against the war meant that those who favored the war would be forced to resign from the AHA. He stressed that he had always opposed the war, but pointed out that the majority of the American people support the war and that, while they were possibly misguided, they were as moral as the war's opponents. Ignoring the fact that either motion would have put only those present at the business meeting, and *not* the association, on record, Genovese and his supporters argued that to adopt such a motion would mean that historians would have to accept and teach the views it expressed.

If they rejected such coercion, Genovese claimed, they would have to resign from the AHA. Branding the large anti-war group as a bunch of "totalitarians" (and later referring to them privately as "Nazis, gangsters and hoodlums"), Genovese ended his speech by screaming at the top of his lungs that the time had come to isolate the group, and to "put them down, put them down hard, once and for all." The most conservative members of the association thereupon stood and cheered. One could hear such libertarian and scholarly cries as "kill the Panthers," "kill the Vietcong" and "kill Lynd and Waskow." Indeed, one member launched a physical attack on Arthur Waskow. Many of those present decided at that point—if they had not done so earlier—that Genovese hated the anti-war movement, and Lynd particularly, more than he did the war.

The most cogent and perceptive reply was delivered during the second night's debate by Fred Ciporen, a doctoral candidate from Wisconsin teaching history at Manhattan Community College and Brooklyn College. As a younger historian closer to student activists, Ciporen sought to tell his colleagues why they should go on record in opposition to the war. Universities and professors could not be neutral, Ciporen said, and their pretense to neutrality was hypocrisy while the killing and napalming went on. Pointing out that the nation was political, and that professors played a part in politics by their very abstention, Ciporen pleaded with the association to take a stand. How, he asked, could historians tell their children years later that they did nothing when others were trying to make history?

The arguments of the young activists did not persuade the majority. Genovese was backed by the noted intellectual historian and former peace candidate, H. Stuart Hughes. Repeating the totalitarian characterization of the anti-war group, Hughes asserted that any anti-war resolution would "politicize" the AHA—as if it had not been politicized. Stating that all present knew his own background and anti-war credentials, he recalled that the last time he had been in Washington was at a large anti-war rally, two and one half years ago! Where, many

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of the younger historians thought to themselves, had Mr. Hughes been in the interim?

The leadership of Genovese and Hughes had a more serious negative effect. That these two noted scholars, identified with the Marxist Left in one case and with the peace movement in the other, would use their talents to attack the anti-war group, hindered the efforts of those who favored an intelligent blending of scholarly work and public concern. The actions of Genovese, particularly, seemed to vindicate the anti-intellectual attack on the irrelevance of Socialist scholars and their work.

Perhaps this defeat was averted by a paper delivered on the final convention day by Jesse Lemisch, a historian who had been dismissed from the University of Chicago because his "political concerns interfered with his scholarship." In what may have been the most telling and fundamental critique presented before the AHA, he proposed that the supposedly apolitical stars of the profession (Allan Nevins, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., Samuel Eliot Morison, Oscar Handlin, Daniel Boorstin and others) were implicit cold warriors who sought to use history as a vehicle in the fight against communism. Lemisch's paper, "Present-Mindedness Revisited: Anti-Radicalism as a Goal of American Historical Writing since World War II," argued persuasively that what so many object to is not that a scholar should take a political position but that he should hold views contrary to Establishment shibboleths. His paper received a standing ovation from a good part of the large audience.

Lemisch may have helped to answer the question of what is radical history. For in his paper, he showed that when a historian challenges the ideological presuppositions of the most revered historians, and exposes their hidden and subtle present-mindedness, he was demolishing the argument of Genovese and Hughes that the academy is neutral and that historians are above politics. Lemisch presented a challenge to AHA members both politically and intellectually—but on their own terrain as working intellectuals involved in an association of colleagues and in an active professional life. Few who heard Lemisch's talk will be able to swallow the belief that they belong to an apolitical profession. His paper brought back vividly the meaning of the coda used by William Appleman Williams for *The Contours of American History* in 1961: "You commit yourself, and then—you see." □

NEW YORK PANTHERS

A YEAR OF HARASSMENT

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The political trial in its classic, most overt form has not been unknown in this nation. The Communists, not long ago, were accused of conspiracy to advocate and teach the necessity for the overthrow of the government by force and violence. A generation earlier, the I.W.W. was broken for conspiracy to violate the Espionage Act of 1918, largely by conducting wartime strikes. With the passage of the First Amendment still fresh in the memories of the living, the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798 made it a crime to write maliciously against the government, Congress or the President, with intent to bring them into contempt. The very recent interstate Riot Act may be linked to this history. Libertarian theory has grown up in response to legislation of the sort cited. It is designed to limit the power of government to prosecute and convict in situations where the definition of the crime in large measure reveals the political purposes of the prosecution.

Throughout our history, however, another form of political prosecution has paralleled the pure variety. It is typified by such famous cases as Sacco and Vanzetti, the Haywood-Moyer-Pettibone murder trial and the Rosenberg espionage case. Prosecutions of this variety are illegitimate only insofar as one accepts either of two propositions: that the defendants were accused, for political reasons, of a crime of which they were innocent; or that the defendants were deprived of the possibility of any fair determination concerning their guilt or innocence by procedural inadequacies caused or aggravated by antipathy to the defendants' politics. If the prosecutions of the Black Panthers in New York are political, they are of this second variety. These twenty-two defendants stand accused of conspiracy to commit murder, and it would be nonsense to contend that such activity is or ought to be protected from criminal prosecution. If a group of men and women have devised together a plan for murder, and taken concrete steps to carry it out, prosecution by no means offends libertarian principles. If, on the other hand, accusations such as these have been made without a substantial basis, then an extreme, wanton abuse of governmental authority has taken place. The history of the Panthers and of their relations with law-enforcement agencies renders neither possibility startlingly improbable.

Precisely because accusations of this sort cannot be dealt with on the basis of probability, proce-

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dural safeguards and rights assume added importance. Every possible step must be taken to insure that the fact of accusation does not become tantamount to a determination of guilt. To date, the prosecution of the New York Panthers has been a shameful failure with respect to these attainable objectives. To some extent the failure is not attributable to politics; there is a common, nondiscriminatory variety of unfairness which permeates our criminal courts. Much of the failure, however, is directly attributable to the fact that these defendants are Black Liberationists and part of the most famous and feared of the Black Liberation organizations.

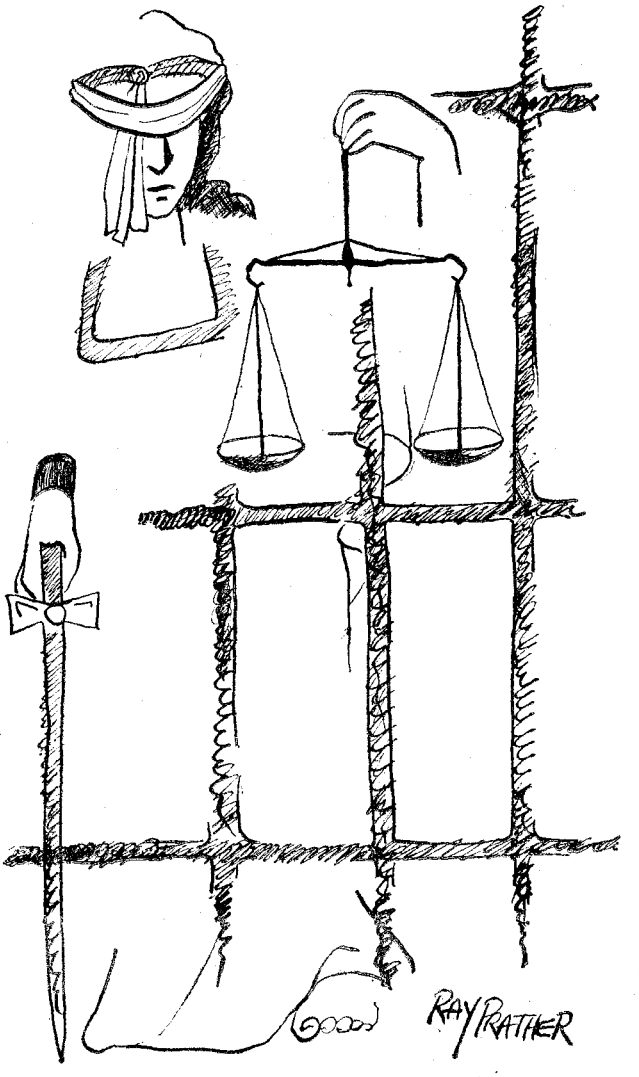
On April 2, 1969, fourteen of twenty-one named defendants were apprehended pursuant to indictments charging them with conspiracy to commit murder through the assassination of police officers and the bombing of department stores. One defendant, 17 years old, has since been released on $10,000 bond. The other thirteen defendants and two others apprehended shortly thereafter have now been in jail for almost ten months without having been tried on the charges. This prolonged imprisonment has been the product of both political reprisal and the chronic failures in our system of criminal justice. Bail has been set at $100,000 each for twelve of the defendants, $50,000 each for two others, and $25,000 for one 18-year-old. There has never been the slightest possibility that these defendants could make bail in amounts even approximating these figures. Bail in amounts such as these for indigent or near-indigent defendants is, in the words of Federal District Court Judge Marvin Frankel, "a euphemism for the denial of bail."

Nevertheless, the plight of these fifteen men and women is hardly unique. Literally thousands of defendants are imprisoned without trial because of the operation of the bail system. The premium for a bond of even a few thousand dollars may be beyond the reach of some defendants. Even the present direction of incipient reform in bail is not hopeful. Primarily, those defendants who exhibit certain "stability factors" will benefit, but the very poor defendant or the defendant who displays a radical life-style will often fail to satisfy such criteria.

However, the effective denial of bail to the New York Panthers is more than the impersonal operation of a harsh machine. The typical addict-pusher, whose bail is set beyond his means, has been the victim of a quasi-clerical operation. He has probably suffered from singularly ineffective legal counsel, counsel which operates for most purposes only at court appearances. The Panthers, on the contrary, have had extremely vigorous counsel who have taken the bail issue to every conceivable forum. At this writing, bail applications have, in one form or another, been made before five different state courts and three different federal courts on at least ten different occasions. Because this issue has been thrust so vigorously at the courts, something more than a clerical ratification of the district attorney's requests has been necessary by way of response.

The courts, at the urging of the district attorney, have offered three distinct justifications for the effective denial of bail. At the outset the prosecution sought denial of bail or, alternatively, the very high bail ultimately set, because of the alleged dangerousness of the defendants and the character of the acts for which they were indicted. At the first bail hearing before State Supreme Court Justice Marks, Assistant District Attorney Phillips characterized the defendants as "vicious" and a "menace to the community." Entirely upon general characterizations of that sort and upon the allegations in the indictments, bail was set for each defendant at $100,000. The court did not even pursue the formalities of having individual allegations made as to each of the defendants.

Such a rationalization for the setting of exorbitant bail amounts to nothing more nor less than preventive detention. Indeed, when this case came before Federal District Judge Marvin Frankel on *habeas corpus* he intimated as much, stating that denial of bail because of the dangerousness of the defendant



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may not be a constitutionally impermissible criterion. Whether or not denial of bail for such reason is constitutionally permissible, it certainly becomes a constitutional outrage when practiced without adequate procedural safeguards. No burden was placed upon the prosecution to establish that a substantial risk to the community would result from the release of the defendants. No hearing was held at which the issues of substantiality of risk and of the probability of past wrong could be fairly litigated. Indeed, a defense request for an evidentiary hearing on bail was denied. Even the Nixon Administration's preventive detention bill requires greater procedural safeguards than were provided at these proceedings.

Later on, the courts and the prosecution began to defend the very high bail in more traditional terms. The seriousness of the charges became simply a factor that indicated likelihood of flight. The New York Court of Appeals, denying relief, did not pretend that the defendants could meet the bail required of them. Rather, that court found that the seriousness of the charges, combined with the fact that contraband was seized from *some* of the defendants, sufficed to justify effective denial of bail. Federal Judge Palmieri, acting on a subsequent *habeas corpus* petition, followed substantially the same line of argument. The United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit affirmed without opinion.

It is probably naive to take at face value the protestation of these courts that they are concerned only with risk of flight. Assuming that justification, however, we are confronted by a startling state of facts. It is alleged that the only bond which could possibly secure the defendants' appearances is a bond which will insure their incarceration until trial. Yet that allegation need not be proved by the district attorney. The defendants have the burden of establishing that they will not flee in the face of serious conspiracy charges. There is, in effect, a presumption of guilt which has, in this case, operated to sentence fifteen men and women to a year in jail without trial.

The final justification offered by courts and prosecutors has been the continued readiness of the prosecution to begin trial at once. The argument, which blames the defendants and their counsel for the prolonged period of incarceration, has been singularly effective for the prosecution. Both the New York Court of Appeals and Judge Palmieri in the Southern District have seized upon it to cast doubt upon the substantiality of any complaint from the defendants. Yet substantial delay in a case of this sort is to be expected. Insofar as the courts feel the delay unwarranted they may force the case to trial. Insofar as the delay is reasonably necessary for trial preparation it is certainly unfair to force the defendants to choose between adequate preparation and freedom.

The preparation for a major conspiracy trial of this sort is a prolonged and complex affair. It is necessary for counsel to be prepared to meet evidence concerning the acts, words and movements of twenty-two different defendants over a period of months. When a defendant is held in jail pending trial, the preparation becomes still more difficult. It is far harder to maintain frequent and frank communication between counsel and client. In this case, moreover, all such difficulties have been compounded by an administrative decision to detain the defendants in as many as seven different jails. Indeed, each time that defense counsel wished to see the defendants together, it was necessary to inform the Department of Corrections at least two days in advance. Needless to say, preparation progresses slowly under such conditions.

The defendants have also made a number of pretrial motions directed to finding out more about the prosecution's case and seeking judicial action as a result of pretrial publicity. The same court system which justified holding the defendants because the prosecution stood ready for trial took five months before rendering a decision on these motions. The issue of delay, then, is hardly one-sided. Of course, it may well be true that the defense has not been entirely unhappy about the length of time which has elapsed since the indictments. The arrests of these defendants were accompanied by the most widespread news coverage and by remarks on the part of police and prosecutors which could not but prejudice the defense. The passage of time mitigates this prejudice. Events elsewhere have, in fact, rendered the Panthers far more likely objects of sympathy than they would have been a year ago.

The Panthers have suffered both from defects built into the system and from discrimination in attempting to prepare for trial. The most glaring of the obstacles to preparation has been the incarceration of the defendants in seven different jails. This unusual arrangement was finally held by a federal court to be a violation of the Constitution. The court issued a preliminary injunction against the practice more than nine months after the indictments. Thus on the eve of trial and contrary to the decisions of the New York courts, some relief has been afforded.

These defendants have also suffered from the almost total unavailability of pretrial discovery in criminal cases. This often attacked feature of the criminal-law system stands in marked contrast to law and practice in the civil courts. In civil litigation, a variety of techniques permits litigants to inquire into all matters which are or may be relevant to the case. They may question the adverse party and potential witnesses long before trial begins. In the criminal law, the game theory of justice too often prevails. The prosecution is under few obligations to disclose elements of its case to the defense in advance of trial. The office of District Attorney Frank Hogan of Manhattan has often been commended because it has adopted so liberal a policy of disclosure. That policy, however, is a matter of

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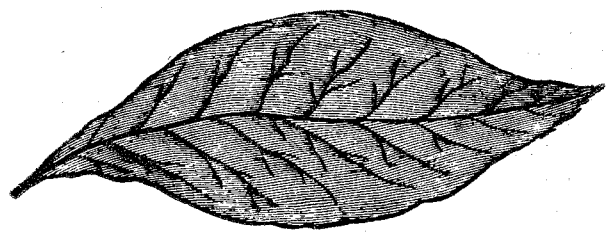
grace; it is not compelled by law. In a case such as that of the Panthers, where much of the evidence will undoubtedly come from informers or infiltrators, very little is disclosed prior to trial. The defendants have not even been able to discover the nature of the evidence which led to the indictments; for, in the absence of certain defined factors, the minutes of the grand jury need not be made available to the defense. Of course, the routine inadequacy of pretrial discovery techniques in the criminal law is compounded where access to the defendants themselves is difficult.

Much has been omitted from this account: the petty, persistent denial of privileges to the prisoners by the Department of Corrections; the more serious failures for several months to treat the epileptic condition of one prisoner; the reindictment of all the defendants upon the same charges, combined with a series of illegal possession of weapons charges. For each matter recourse to court action has been necessary. The epilepsy was not treated until a court ordered the prisoner transferred to a hospital; a prisoner could not see his wife until the court so ordered. An overwhelming burden is added to the usual problems of defending an unpopular client when conditions of imprisonment and the problems of bail must also be litigated.

What has happened to fifteen Black Panthers could have happened to many other accused men in our impersonal system of justice. Others have suffered and will suffer as long in jail without trial, without privileges, with inadequate preparation for trial. For most of these "others" there will be no outcry. Yet, in none of the other cases will the unjust result be reached as it was reached here: as a deliberate matter of prosecution policy ratified in every material respect by the courts of New York State. It is this aspect of the Panther case that is most disturbing—most political. It is the aspect, also, that raises grave questions as to the motives in the original prosecution and the likelihood of a fair trial. □

TOBACCO'S DOUBLE REVOLUTION

DWAYNE E. WALLS
Mr. Walls is a staff writer on The Charlotte Observer, *now on leave to write a book on rural-to-urban migration.*



The plant beds are lying idle now—little plastic bandages covering countless scratches in the dark, sandy soil of the Southeastern Coastal Plains. Through the winter nobody pays much attention to them except the Florida-bound tourists, to whom the beds and the strange-looking curing barns that dot the countryside are curiosities. Some time between mid-January and early March, depending on the location and the weather, the plant beds will be seeded and the plastic covering will be replaced by cheesecloth.

In early spring the shoots will be plucked gently from the plant beds and transplanted, carefully, symmetrically—42 inches between rows, 22 inches between plants—into the rich black loam of the region. By early summer, when the leaves begin to ripen, the rows of Bright Leaf tobacco will cover close to 600,000 acres of land from southside Virginia to northern Florida and into a tip of Alabama. Another 200,000 or so acres of Burley tobacco will stand ripening in the hills and bottom lands of Kentucky, Tennessee and the western portions of North Carolina and Virginia.

Altogether, more than half a million farm families in eight states will look to the 1970 tobacco crop as their major source—and in many cases only source—of income. But even now, before the seed is scattered down the plant beds, thousands of these tobacco farmers know that the 1970 crop will be their last. Thousands more wonder how much longer they will be able to hang on, to squeeze a meager living out of their annual crop.

Tobacco, agriculture's last great stronghold of hand labor, is in the early stage of a double revolution which might improve the nation's health and shore up its free enterprise, but which almost certainly will uproot the lives of several hundred thousand farm families who depend on tobacco for a living. These are the small landowners, the tenants and the sharecroppers who cannot possibly survive the changes. Already tens of thousands of them have been driven off the land, and they are only a fraction of those destined ultimately to lose or to change their livelihood.

In North Carolina alone, according to Dr. E. Walton Jones of the Coastal Plains Regional Commission, an estimated 100,000 farm families will be surplus labor by 1975. These families, it should be noted, are mostly Negro and most of them live now in the tobacco-growing eastern portion of the state.

What is this double revolution in tobacco? Anyone who has watched television lately should be familiar

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with a small part of it. The health hazard in tobacco is amply advertised and no doubt accounts for the slight but steady decline in cigarette manufacture and consumption that began several years ago. It seems only a matter of time before the present voluntary ban on tobacco advertising, imposed piecemeal by some newspapers and radio and television stations, becomes mandatory for broadcasters. Worse yet, as the farmers see it, Congress' almost annual threat to drop the tobacco support program seems to pick up additional converts with each session.

But the greater part of the revolution in tobacco, the cause for most concern among the small landowners and the landless husbandmen, is sponsored not by the government and not by public or private health agencies but by the tobacco industry itself. The traditional, almost ritualistic methods by which tobacco has been grown, harvested and marketed can no longer prevail against recent technical and scientific developments. What science and technology did to the cotton fields of the Deep South and to the coal fields of the Southern Appalachians they are doing now to the tobacco fields of the Coastal Plains.

The most recent development was announced in mid-November by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., the nation's largest manufacturer of tobacco products. The company has devised a process which expands the shredded leaf, increasing the volume of a given weight of tobacco 40 per cent to 50 per cent. Whatever its impact on the health factor in smoking, a point that is as yet unclear, the development of puffed tobacco seems to imply that the company eventually will need 40 per cent to 50 per cent less tonnage than it buys now.

A Reynolds spokesman has said that "tests conducted to date indicate that puffed tobacco would account for a relatively small percentage of the total tobacco blends used in Reynolds brands." But *The Wall Street Journal* seemed sure of its facts when it reported that Reynolds plans to switch to exclusive use of puffed tobacco in its cigarettes over the next two to three years. Other tobacco manufacturers and researchers at North Carolina State University in Raleigh are working on a freeze-drying process which would achieve the same 40 to 50 per cent increase in the tobacco's bulk.

Research, sponsored largely by tobacco manufacturers, has also developed cigarettes that look, taste and smell like the real thing but which contain not a shred of tobacco. Apparently the domestic manufacturers have no present plans to market the non-tobacco cigarettes because of problems with the shelf life of the product and lack of data on what effect the substitute material (cellulose in most of the experimental cigarettes) might have on the smoker's lungs. But part-tobacco cigarettes, identified as containing a substantial quantity of non-tobacco ingredients, are sold regularly in the United States by foreign manufacturers.

Any one of these developments would be enough to create a tremor throughout the tobacco economy of the rural Coastal Plains. Together they have cast a pall over a region already troubled by problems of oversupply, labor shortage, rising costs and the beginning of a technological revolution in planting and harvesting.

Tobacco has always been a demanding crop, requiring large amounts of hand labor and some skill in its growing and curing. As one chronicler said of it more than half a century ago: "No sick child demands more constant and careful watching than a barn of the golden leaf when it is being cured by the flue process."

From its modest beginning as a $10,950 crop out of Jamestown in 1618, tobacco rose to become the coin of the realm throughout Virginia and the Carolinas, justifying its title as the Golden Token. Vast fortunes were built on it. Merchants and even clergymen were paid in tobacco. And, significant to the region's later economic and political values, it created a class of small yeoman farmers—men whose tiny patch of tobacco gave them an essential freedom, if not the wealth, of the Virginia aristocrats and the Delta cotton planters. Even today the average tobacco allotment in North Carolina, the heartland of flue-cured leaf, is only about 3 acres.

Although the farmer may own considerably more acreage, he can, under the support program, plant only what he is allotted. He may buy or rent additional allotments from his neighbors, but he cannot transfer such allotments across county lines. Thus it is extremely difficult for the small farmer to enlarge his operation sufficiently to justify mechanization and equally difficult to operate at a profit without mechanization.

The old system survived because it had available the strong backs of hundreds of thousands of laborers—poor whites as well as Negroes—who were offered little more than bare survival in the near-feudal system. The relatively few big planters relied on tenants and sharecroppers to produce the crop. Small landowners and frequently tenants themselves have depended heavily on impoverished blacks, paid modest wages during the brief harvesting season but given little more than free housing the rest of the year.

This layered society has been shaken in recent years as blacks and poor whites moved out of the tobacco fields in increasing numbers. Some of them have been replaced by ever more advanced machinery rumbling into the fields. Others simply have left a labor vacuum.

Despite the difficulty of putting together large tobacco operations, the trend is in that direction. Mechanical harvesters already are operating on a few large farms. Once the demand for such machinery is sufficient to justify commercial production, the harvesters will sweep the small

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landowner and the tenant right out of farming. It requires no great imagination to foresee the day, maybe five years hence, when a relatively few large, corporate farms will grow all of the flue-cured tobacco the market demands.

Further, the corporate farms might grow it on contract to the manufacturers, largely without benefit of the present intricate system of marketing, warehousing and processing that supports much of the present tobacco economy.

For a great many tobacco farmers it does not really matter whether the upheaval comes in a single season or gradually over five seasons or a decade. The Negro tenants and sharecroppers have little hope of surviving on the land, no matter how gradually the revolution progresses. Thousands of them are leaving the tobacco fields every year, unable to survive on the tenant's share of a 5-acre patch or less. Their departure for the urban centers of the Northeast has created a labor shortage affecting larger tenants and small landowners, speeding up mechanization and thus creating more pressure on the marginal operators to get out or get bigger. Some larger farmers have resorted only recently to importing migratory labor. The state's first tobacco

labor camp was built last year by a group of Wake County growers.

The prospects are little better for the small landowners, those who hold a 3-to-5-acre allotment. Some of them are selling out as tobacco farmers—sometimes to take industrial jobs that are beginning to open up in the region, but more often to remain on the land as truck farmers or chicken farmers. Still, diversification is slow to take hold because of tradition and the fear of breaking loose from a total dependence on the traditional crop. As one of the region's economists said not long ago: "Tobacco has been a damn good-looking woman to these farmers and they will stick with her to the end."

Each tobacco allotment carries with it a corresponding quota stipulating the maximum number of pounds of leaf that can be marketed. The poundage quota might range anywhere from 1,200 per acre to 2,000. Until two years ago, many farmers found that they could rent their allotments and clear almost as much profit as they could by farming the acreage themselves. The rental market has dropped sharply since 1967 because the high cost of production has cut down the price a farmer can expect in rental. In 1968, the latest year for which figures are available, 72,000 acres of tobacco were rented in North Carolina at an average price of about 14c per pound on an average quota of 1,800 pounds—or a return of about $250 per acre to the owner of the allotment.

The average rental price in 1967 was about 18c per pound. In 1969 it probably was about 12c, and the indications are that the price will fall to 10c for the 1970 crop. Increasingly, allotment owners by the thousands are learning that their allotments or portions of them are nearly worthless.

Again using the figures from North Carolina as a standard, it is probable that close to 10 per cent of the nation's allotment of flue-cured tobacco acreage will not be planted or harvested in 1970. North Carolina's unused allotment has increased steadily from 25,000 acres in 1967 to 30,000 acres in 1968 and 35,000 acres out of a state allotment of 416,000 acres in 1969.

As they always have to some extent, small landowners can continue to make a crop only by cooperating with one another—swapping and sharing their labor, their equipment and their land. One man who has a good allotment but poor land might enter into a loose arrangement with his neighbor who has only a fractional allotment but the soil to produce the kind of tobacco that will bring higher prices on the market. A man who has unusually good soil or the skill and the time to produce plant beds may do nothing but supply his neighbors with plants and take a portion of their ripe tobacco as payment.

One measure of the small grower's plight is that he has begun to drop his fierce independence and mistrust of any judgment but his own. The militant National Farmers Organization began organizing in the Southeast last spring and currently has local chapters in more than half of North Carolina's 100 counties, plus several counties in the other tobacco states. Its greatest success so far has been with the hog and grain farmers, but small tobacco farmers also are beginning to join and even more are likely to sign within the next year. NFO organizers have said their main effort in the region in 1970 will be in the tobacco fields, among the small farmers.

In North Carolina, which has more individual farms than any other state except Texas, 42,000 small farms went under between 1959 and 1964. It is doubtful that even NFO tactics can do more than slow the attrition. □

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Sherrill says there is no industry on "industrial square." The Oglala are proud of their own development company, which financed a small modern factory building in which approximately 1,000 pairs of moccasins are produced daily, with about seventy-five Indian workers . . . . Surely Sherrill must have seen that building on our "industrial site." And how could he overlook the rather sturdy and sizable frame building on the same "industrial site," moved there by the Tribe, and waiting for some small industry to occupy, and use our new landing strip, our new bank and occupy some of our new housing? . . .

Sherrill makes reference to the lack of plumbing in the reservation homes, but with the help of Public Health Service, we are also making rapid improvement in this area. In 1960, only five homes in Pine Ridge "Indian Village" had water and sewer. Now, most of the homes have modern facilities and during the past twelve months, more than $1 million worth of new modern homes have been completed . . . .

We certainly do not maintain that there are no hungry or underfed people on the reservation. However, the Oglala Sioux Tribe has an effective (and expensive) program for issuing surplus commodity foods, and the income of needy persons is supplemented by BIA General Assistance grants and state ADA, OAA and Aid to the Handicapped. We know that people do not always use as much of these funds for food as we feel they should. However, this money does supplement their food budget, and we feel very strongly that Sherrill's account of an old lady having only "hooves and ankle bones" for food was a gross exaggeration . . . .

We are pleased that Sherrill noted that some local Indian people are "interested," but we again object to the implication that only through "militancy" of the young can anything be accomplished. Sioux people, by tradition, expect people to prove their ability to show some accomplishment before they are acknowledged as leaders . . . .

Enos Poorbear

Washington

Dear Sirs: Once again we have evidence that all men are brothers under the skin. Mr. Poorbear sounds just like any white bureaucrat or politician in Washington who, in response to pleas for food for the hungry and houses for the unhoused, replies: why don't you tell about the positive side of our government?

The distortions and falsehoods in his letter are so numerous that to adequately rebut them I must refer the reader again to my article. The road situation is exactly as I described it: one paved street on the Indian side of town, and if Mr. Poorbear would like to learn more about this aspect of his own reservation's life, I'm sure the chief tribal judge, C. Hobart Keith, who lives on one of the muddy, rutted paths that pass for streets in Pine Ridge, would be happy to give him an escorted tour. There is, as I wrote, one building and only one building on Pine Ridge's "industrial square" and that building contains no industry but the federal food commodities, which are dispensed to most of the Indians to keep them from starving. Contrary to Mr. Poorbear's false review of my article, I did not say Grandma Tobacco had nothing to eat but cow's hooves; I said that because she had only $392 yearly to live on, she supplemented her diet with such things as cow's hooves and dried ankle bones; I took photos of her preparing these food items.

If the reservation's only industry, the moccasin factory, situated apart from the industrial square, hires seventy-five Indians (instead of about thirty, as I was told) to sew up 1,000 pairs daily, it means that each Indian stitches together only 1.6 pairs an hour, which must make the Oglala moccasins the most expensive on the world market. No wonder other industry doesn't move in.

My tour guide for two days was the Tribe's housing inspector, and I spent most of one morning with the chairman of the Tribe's housing committee. I found both men to have an excellent sense of humor and I am sure they will laugh away the winter months just thinking of Mr. Poorbear's claim that they have completed "$1 million worth of new modern homes" in the past year. The truth is, as I wrote, that they have completed about 200 houses with a retail market value of about $200,000, which leaves 2,500 of the 3,000 families on the Pine Ridge reservation ill-housed. And if "most of the homes" at Pine Ridge "have modern facilities," as Mr. Poorbear says, why that forest of outhouses? The Indians I talked with complained specifically of the lack of a bank; these Indians were very hep to tribal affairs and I believe they would have mentioned the prospect of a bank as of Jan. 2 if such were truly the prospect prior to the appearance of *The Nation* article. And Mr. Poorbear leaves unexplained the existence of a $200,000 airstrip on an Indian reservation where nobody owns a plane.

Either Mr. Poorbear speaks with a forked tongue, or he knows less about his reservation than I learned in my brief visit. Perhaps the next time he writes to *The Nation* he will be kind enough to explain one thing that he does know more about: just exactly how is the tribal money spent? Several of the Indians I talked to were curious about that.

Robert G. Sherrill

Micronesia

Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sirs: Ernest Gruening's "Statehood for Micronesia" [*The Nation*, Dec. 15] made me wonder if the policy makers of this country, though disagreeing about the means, are in basic agreement about the goal of building an American empire.

I am surprised that he could speak of the anti-colonial record of the United States since FDR, despite the fact that we have maintained and acquired what are, in effect, colonies and client states in such places as Greece, Cuba (until 1959), the Dominican Republic, Brazil, South Korea, Taiwan, Okinawa, South Vietnam, and Washington, D.C.

I am skeptical of his praise of the "unprecedented" prosperity of such places as Puerto Rico. I question whether the UN mandate the United States holds over Micronesia ever implied that we have a right to maneuver the islands toward annexation . . . .

If China or the Philippines offers the Micronesians a better deal, it is up to the Micronesians to accept it. If we wish to help the islands economically, we can do that without annexing them. We could give them aid, without strings, through an international agency; we could give them tariff concessions; we could leave them alone.

Ronald Billings

Pullman, Wash.

Dear Sirs: If Ernest Gruening were to visit Micronesia today, he would discover that (*a*) the idea of independence is gaining strength among educated Micronesians; (*b*) the islands have moved closer to Japan in recent years in terms of trade levels; (*c*) many articulate and well-traveled Micronesians abhor the notion that their islands become a part of Waikiki; and (*d*) the Peace Corps-Micronesian program has been purposely weakened by U.S. policy makers in an ironic attempt to stem further erosion of the special relationship the United States would like to maintain for strategic reasons.

It is time a report on Micronesia contain an analysis of the feeling and aspirations of the people of Micronesia themselves rather than what others feel is "best" for them. (I was for two years a Peace Corps volunteer in the Marshall Islands.)

Michael M. Ryan

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Cosmic Gas, Chemical Stress, Cities

THE ECONOMY OF CITIES. *By Jane Jacobs. Random House. 268 pp. $5.95.*

SHEPHEN ZOLL
Mr. Zoll, a member of the New York City Housing and Development Administration, has written articles for Dissent, The Village Voice *and* The Nation.

To Mrs. Jacobs the city is separate and unique, an ultimate explosion in the evolution of the universe: cosmic gas, galactic nebulae, planetary systems, chemical stress, life . . . cities. Mrs. Jacobs has been so right in the past that the City, which she has fought on principle, has adopted many of these principles as official policy. A study on urban space published by the New York City Housing and Development Administration in 1968 is a 110-page distillation of Jane Jacobs' 1961 *The Death and Life of Great American Cities.*

Her new book is the same kind of instinctual perception of her subject, what she calls the "reciprocating engine" of the urban economy. Her mood is still impatience with the fecklessness of mechanics ineptly tinkering with that engine. But her point of view has changed from autobiographical to historical. This then, unfortunately, is a book of instinctual history. It is quite likely that Mrs. Jacobs will continue to be accepted as an oracle and revered as a culture hero. She dislikes massive technocracy, high density, elevators, organized efficiency and non-individual ruggedness. In these objections she combines some of the most romantic aspects of conservatives and liberals alike. She is the evangelist of clutter and conservation. Her religion of urbanism commands the cripple to walk because paralysis is in the mind, an imperfection of faith.

The Economy of Cities conjectures the historical evolution of urban centers: cities started in a number of places through an accretion of population perhaps only slightly higher than the random density of prehistoric human distribution. These people happened together to work a particular resource location. It might have been a formation of obsidian, valuable for its ability to produce cutting edges, or a deposit of clay suitable for pottery, or a confluence of lanes by which obsidian and pottery were traded. The main thing is that the center of accretion exported its resource, or else served those who were doing the exporting.

One of the items taken in trade was storable foodstuffs: grains that could be placed in bins or animals that could be pastured on a commons. This was the beginning of agriculture. It is important for Mrs. Jacobs' speculative argument that agriculture was a city invention for two reasons. First that, most frequently, it is the city that mothers invention, and by invention is able to solve its own problems. And second, agriculture provides the first example of the urban economic engine. The invention of agriculture provided the nascent economy of populations with an additional manufactured commodity to add to other exports. The model of urban growth is the addition of new work to old, the production of new exports with which to earn more money, and the ability with that new money to buy from other groups of exporters. Cities grew by finding in one another markets and sources of supply.

Although cities grow by exporting, they grow *explosively* by replacing their imports with home manufacture and improving, as it were, their balance of payments. Growth is good, explosive growth is better. Standing still is bad. This judgment is the center post of the book.

Jane Jacobs is particularly good at finding historical illustrations (and inventing prehistoric ones). For instance, London, once it was laboriously established as a supplier of exports to Venice, Constantinople and Rome, then served as an import market for younger, growing cities such as New York and Hong Kong, and for the revival of a once stagnated Copenhagen by importing processed Danish dairy goods. New work is invented to add to the older work in order to produce new exports and with the profit to buy yet other imports: Detroit was a maritime city on the Great Lakes which developed by providing motors and other services to the boat-building and exporting industry of the Lakes. In time, of course, the motor trade became paramount.

For Mrs. Jacobs, the greatest urban virtues are variety and liveliness. The worst faults are efficiency and stagnation. Inefficiency has to be built into the system as, in Detroit, it is not. There, because the city has only one industry, and that one works on high volume-low unit profit, suppliers of parts and services to the big three operate on a narrower margin than would allow experimentation, risk taking, diversification, spin-off and the addition of new work to the old. Manchester, England, is another city, carefully planned around textile mills, that has become as efficient as a dinosaur and is following the same process of eclipse. Bigness is the same as efficiency. It is easier and cheaper to make a few large loans to trusted borrowers than many small ones to high-risk experimenters; therefore, Mrs. Jacobs points out, efficient investment of capital only continues old work but does not add to it for the health of the city.

Mrs. Jacobs' model of the economic engine (together with her appendix of comic diagrams) is probably accurate without necessarily being precise. It is too simple. As an organizing principle it is clear, but as a basis for particular recommendations it may be lacking. The engine of the urban economy is many engines, all of which run with all kinds of governors and regulators that are not mentioned. Nor does she sufficiently consider that there is a probable ultimate regulator in the extreme to which a population may increase.

Mrs. Jacobs gives no sense that cities operate either within a political context or within an ecological constraint. Many city problems are rooted not in the compulsive repetition of past mistakes, which she not inaccurately accuses local bureaucracies of continually committing, but in national events. (Some rurally controlled states refuse to allow their citizens to participate in food stamp programs; the federal Supreme Court has ruled the illegality of residence requirements for welfare benefits in a case in New York City.)

It is hard to see exactly how the failure of creating new industries out of the "opportunities" presented by the urban agonies is a matter of local control, let alone of local willful stupidities. Mrs. Jacobs thinks salvation will come through the invention of new industries to add new work for new workers: refuse reprocessing turns noxious garbage and fumes into valuable chemicals; noise reduction could be a program to invent a replacement for the automobile. Failure to abate these nuisances, Mrs. Jacobs claims, is evidence of stagnation: "Practical problems that persist and accumulate in cities are symptoms of arrested development."

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Jane Jacobs' idea of endless expansion of continually accreting new work, each invention the basis of a new industry and the solving of one or more old problems, while also giving the originating city a potential export and competitive edge with which to capture additional capital, seems like a wild capitalism beyond the dreams of the most avaricious industrialist. Couldn't one argue for the elimination of urban industries, much as agriculture may have been moved out, starting perhaps with the warehousing business and much of the long-haul trucking?

In Harlem, Mrs. Jacobs would have taken the $300 million that built the housing projects and used it instead for 10,000 small business development loans, a plan that is as optimistic as shooting craps with the rent money. There is no recognition that this $300 million was federal money—which in no way sanctifies it, but does illustrate that cities, whatever their individual powers of inventiveness and generation, also exist as part of a national framework. The ability, singlehandedly, of each city to solve its own problems while simultaneously handling the nation's demographic ones, is a misapprehension about the real world and the possibility of omni-capable local autonomy in it that has been proved an enormous mistake since the days of Herbert Hoover. It is the absence of national support for the cities that must be overcome. Mrs. Jacobs speaks of missed local opportunities, and of course there have been many, but ultimately advocates an increase of the cities' ability to compete with one another rather than their forming a league for their mutual interests. The nation should be the sum of the cities, not the denier of their separate dependencies.

It is likely that cities, trying to solve their problems on an individual basis because they have no alternative but to try, are really working themselves deeper into their hole. For instance, a part of the Northern cities' housing problem might be solved only by the provision of homes in the South. For each unit created in the cities, perhaps eight families apply to fill the vacancy. For every job created in the cities, more unemployed but hopeful applicants appear than were previously on the relief roles. Instead of a national policy of decentralization, Mrs. Jacobs advocates endless centralization.

Her prescription must be looked at against her well-known reluctance to submit to planning and her violent suspicions of the motives of planners. In *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, she was very good at pointing out the essential failure of much planning: that it is artificial. Planning is ordered not as life really is frenetically conducted but on two artificial rationales. One is visual harmony: the City Beautiful, consisting of Lincoln Centers and geometrically arranged towers supplying public housing and grass. The other is statistical harmony: the functional city with segregated uses requiring the designation of larger and larger urban renewal areas in order to accommodate larger and larger numbers of people and services than the last one whose mix wasn't successful because it didn't draw on enough possibilities.

It is difficult to see any essential difference between Mrs. Jacobs' endless expansion and the increasing-statistical-imput planning, except that inefficiency is an extremely dangerous planning or nonplanning principle. Cities are approaching their maximum densities. Consider the case of an architect in Indianapolis who, with his hands, described at the site the shape, bulk and placement of the building he had been commissioned to design; the building permit was written out then and there on the fender of his car. In New York, with a population nearly twenty times that of Indianapolis, buildings work only at the upper limit of the zoning maximums: inspection of architects' plans is rigorous and restrictive because of the necessity of preventing congestion. Negotiations are carried on in three agencies over the tiniest percentage differences. And what took ten minutes in a field in Indianapolis has in one New York case ended up in court after a year of wrangling.

Jane Jacobs has argued convincingly that high density does not necessarily mean overcrowding, and yet in her own West Village Housing scheme she has opted for a density well below the ultimate New York maximum. There is an upper limit to the numbers of people if only because of the maximum capacity of buses, subways and roadways. If the answer is more transportation facilities, these must be planned; otherwise inefficiencies will curtail further expansion.

If endless expansion were to be continued long enough, "neighborhood scale," Mrs. Jacobs' own phrase, comes to be meaningless on the count of both neighborliness and scale. Endless expansion means endless numbers of people. Endless housing supply means limitless height and bulk, dark streets, elevators, and strangers for neighbors. In Mrs. Jacobs' unplanned economy endless numbers of people would furiously bid up the price of land and construction labor. Higher prices would bring pressures for control, and cycle the end of supply.

But in the end, Mrs. Jacobs tells us, humans are not limited by the same ecological maximums that control animal populations. Animals, she says, exploit only a limited number of resources whose exhaustion would bring about their population control; but man exploits a vast variety of resources and presumably always has something to fall back on or invent a substitute for. This seems the single most dangerous idea in the book and the conclusion that invalidates much that preceded it. The difference between man and animals is that animals get along as best they can, but man feels he has to grow prosperous. The prosperous use up resources of all varieties at a much greater rate than those getting along as best they can. The prosperous live in larger apartments and have a country home as well. They own an automobile to get there over wider roads. They require greater flocks and herds of edibles and larger mines and plantations of structural material in the hinterlands, together with greater and more dangerous fleets of trucks and oil tankers plying back and forth. They require schools, hospitals, theatres, museums, parks, playgrounds, plazas, taxis and other space consumers in higher proportions per capita. Their demands create business, it is true, but as more and more become affluent, the global drain could be fatal.

To give any credence to Mrs. Jacobs' arguments we would have to grant the possibility of growth without planning, planning without efficiency, problems only with solutions, endless people without congestion, and larger numbers of affluent people in the same limited space without exhausting the supportive resources. And if all in this country become affluent are we to be allowed a competitive edge on the world's resources over less developed continents?

The final resource is space. All the continents are now islands as small as Japan, but we seem to learn only the judo and karate and not the conventions of politesse or the tolerance of Zen. Density is the number of people occupying a unit of space. The limit of that occupancy bears a close connection with the increasing number of encounters per unit of time that increasing density will produce. Ultimately, incremental gains in the number of encounters frustrate the unfinished business of previous encounters. The perception of frustration, or the energy required to overcome interruptions or respond to their demands is summed up in the expression, "the urban pace." Under pressure-cooker conditions, the endocrinological system changes, and both bodily chemistry and the head's psychological state deteriorate: ulcers and violence.

Jane Jacobs' criticism in *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* of the first attempt to correct the social situation resulting from the failure of the free urban real estate market was of enormous value. In *The Economy of Cities*,

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she has gone beyond that criticism and reinvented the original free market. Her ideas include many valuable reforms and freshly seen opportunities for improvements. But if, in fact, her ideas had been applied to the New York City of 1811 when the grid (of which she would not then have approved on the ground of its geometric and arbitrary artificiality) was first imposed on the farm land north of Canal Street, and continued unordered growth were allowed without either efficiency or limit, the result would be pretty much what we have today: overcrowded New York working at the maximum of its street capacity, its zoning, its tax-levy power, its transportation, its welfare potential, its ability to sit on the lid of its endocrine kinetics. To reapply impetus for endless expansion now would be impossible.

If the condition of New York and other cities is blamed on the malfeasance of city leadership, the question must be asked: how much actual effect a municipal budget that achieved only $1 billion in 1964 would have in an economy whose lending institutions alone increase their assets at a rate of more than $10 billion of annual earnings? What effect is the effort of the housing agencies if their best annual completions are 0.5 per cent of the total of all housing? Or, if not malfeasance but nonfeasance is the basis of blame, how could the market have remained free and still enforced the reallocation of private investments?

Endless growth, urban or otherwise, based on the insistence on humane inefficiency and naturalness of modest individual projects without the imposition of central authoritarian planning is as surely an attempt to master the world as any dreams of the Army Corps of Engineers or Robert Moses. Their lesson is that it is impossible both to master the world and still be part of it. Why must the approach to the economy be one of dynamic expansion? Surely, the greater challenge is stability. □

Purity, Power and Politics

McCARTHY FOR PRESIDENT. *By Arthur Herzog. The Viking Press. 309 pp. $6.95.*

WE WERE THE CAMPAIGN. *By Ben Stavis. Beacon Press. 217 pp. $7.50. Paper $2.95.*

THE YEAR OF THE PEOPLE. *By Eugene J. McCarthy. Doubleday & Co. 323 pp. $6.95.*

EDWARD SCHNEIER
Mr. Schneier is in the Political Science Department at City College, New York. He is the editor of Policy-Making in American Government *(Basic Books).*

The McCarthy campaign, Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman said in 1968, will rate "only a footnote in history." "But what a footnote," McCarthy replied, "it could well become a part of the main text." Indeed it could. The question is what will it say? What is the long-range significance of the McCarthy campaign?

Is it in the thousands of individuals, particularly the young, who for that one brief shining summer were turned on by possibilities of electoral politics; or is it those same and other thousands who reached the winter of their discontent in the ultimate failure of the system adequately to accommodate their political needs? Is the McCarthy campaign significant because it unseated an incumbent President, or because it failed really to alter the course of public policy? Was Eugene McCarthy's year of the people important because it presaged the dawn of a new politics, or because it revealed the seamy toughness and durability of the old?

None of these three books is very helpful in answering any of the questions. All are in essence narrative accounts of the happenings of 1968. They are histories only in the most narrow sense.

One reviewer suggested that Eugene McCarthy's *The Year of the People* be given an award as "the most disappointing book of the year." Smoothly written and filled with the kinds of wry understatements that are so much a part of the familiar McCarthy style, the book is surprisingly lacking in substance. The reader seeking inside dope on the campaign will find little of it here. The reader seeking clues to the enigmatic McCarthy personality will find few in this almost antiseptically depersonalized narrative. Nor does *The Year of the People* give any hint about the future of McCarthy the man or his brand of new politics.

On all of these points, Arthur Herzog's *McCarthy for President* is a better book. It is not that Herzog is more objective than McCarthy (*The Year of the People* if it is anything is objectively detached). Rather it is that Herzog is the more thorough journalist. Herzog details, as McCarthy does not, the search for a peace candidate that preceded McCarthy's emergence as a candidate. ("Out of one hundred liberals," one of McCarthy's

"A disturbing story about the subversive fascist underlayer of our society, which citizens faithful to democracy can not safely forget and must never dare to ignore."
—Lewis Mumford

"IT WAS THE MIDDLE OF MAY IN THE YEAR 1948. I was hard at work in my office in Savery Hall, the home of the Philosophy Department of the University of Washington in Seattle. There was a knock on my door. When I opened it I recognized two of the investigators of the Committee on Un-American Activities of the state legislature. . . . **"Our information," they said, "puts you in the center of the Communist conspiracy."**

FALSE WITNESS

By MELVIN RADER

"The story of a liberal wrongly accused during the McCarthy era, one of hundreds and thousands, but one with more courage and perseverance than others. Melvin Rader fought back, and by patient detective work, the story of which reads like a novel, he completely established the falsity of the charges against him. His book is a disturbing yet also heartening chapter from recent American history."—Malcolm Cowley

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Senate colleagues told Herzog, "McCarthy would be ninety-nine on my list.") Herzog describes in almost agonizing detail the internecine conflicts that plagued the McCarthy campaign. He analyzes the deliberate amateurishness which was at once the source of the campaign's greatest strength and its most fundamental weaknesses. Herzog describes the circumstances surrounding the "fatal mistake" of entering the Indiana primary; he compares in detail the Senate records of Kennedy and McCarthy; he records and discusses the strategies and structures of each and every primary campaign and of the final denouement at Chicago.

All three of these books evoke a kind of nostalgic re-creation. McCarthy's is a bittersweet, quasi-poetic series of reminiscences. Herzog is more comprehensive in his treatment, but the appeal is still primarily to those who were in one way or another committed to "the Movement." The Stavis book, as he tells us in the introduction, originated as a sort of Christmas message to his friends and became a retrospective diary. His purpose is to record "the details of how we students and other young people organized a unique national political campaign that toppled one of the most powerful figures in the world, and how it felt to be a part of this effort." For those who really want to live it again, complete with names, places and nitty-gritty, this is the book.

But the analytic book, the book that tries to put the McCarthy campaign in the perspective of history, has yet to be written. The McCarthy candidacy with the movement it tapped, inspired, and mobilized, badly needs to be given serious attention. It needs and deserves such attention, the authors of all these books would I am sure agree, because it marked an important break point in our political history.

Stavis argues that "we will discover what the McCarthy campaign meant in historical perspective by what its creators, workers, and supporters do in the future." By this standard, it has so far proved a nullity. The lavishly compiled McCarthy mailing lists aren't worth a nickel to those who might be considered his natural heirs. For candidates like Herman Badillo in New York, Henry Helstoski in New Jersey and Tom Bradley in Los Angeles, McCarthy's army turned out to be a bouquet of political morning-glories. McCarthy himself has retired from all but his seat in the Senate, and he will leave that next year. In only a few isolated areas have McCarthy's armies taken any active interest in local politics, in party reform, or in the hard organizational work that is the necessary concomitant of social and political change. If there is to be a new politics in America, it appears increasingly as if it will be organized by those who favor the Joseph McCarthys over the Eugenes, the George Wallaces over the Henrys.

The problem with the McCarthy candidacy in the long run, and perhaps even the short, is that it was fundamentally anti-political. "The campaign was never planned simply as a delegate-gathering effort," says McCarthy. "Our aim was to change the political process—to make it more responsive to the people's wishes." After Wisconsin and Johnson's withdrawal, as Stavis poignantly notes:

> Suddenly the effort was no longer a protest movement. It was a real presidential campaign. . . . I was not sure that I wanted to be associated with this new type of campaign and found that I was not alone in my fears.

The idea of having to compromise, of having to listen to people as well as lecture them, of having to work with people as well as on them, of having to sell a candidate as well as a program, was deeply disturbing to those who had come to get clean with Gene. To curry popular favor was to sully one's political hands. So long as the problem was one of selling a position and of educating the masses in the cause of righteousness, morale was high. When it became a problem of selling a candidate to represent the masses, internecine warfare developed and the movement began to fall apart.

"Can a man," Herzog asks, "who . . . does not like the exercise of power obtain power in our society?" Even more troubling is the question of whether he should. Stavis puts this question well in describing his reaction to the Wisconsin victory:

> [The] question was whether we really wanted Eugene McCarthy to be President. What previously had been a jest was now a serious problem. I, with many others, was wondering whether McCarthy had the executive ability to be president. . . . In a major speech in Wisconsin he promised a depersonalized, weak, lofty presidency and insisted he would not get tied up in the details of administration. He was of course attacking LBJ's style, but I was not sure that was the type of presidency we needed. With such an attitude, could he stop the military-industrial complex's attempt to get the anti-missile missile? Could he stop the arms and space race? Could he get southern states to accept civil rights? Could he get northern states to accept open housing and integrated education?

Troubling questions such as these sent many potential McCarthy supporters into the camp of Robert Kennedy. The problem here, however, was that Kennedy—the candidate who understood power—did not understand McCarthy's world of principles. This difference, a subtle one which was more sensed than asserted, is key to an understanding of what the year of the people was all about.

The difference between Kennedy and McCarthy was most overt at the tactical level. As McCarthy puts it, "the Kennedy approach was to put together an 'organization' to assemble pieces of America without any organic whole." This approach, he continues,

> was something like the politics of the Depression, and it had worked. But I did not think that it was the kind of politics that was in order for 1968.
>
> We had to deal with straight problems which are the concern of *every* citizen in this country—simply because he is a citizen and not because he is a member of any organization or group or minority.

The tactical differences between Kennedy and McCarthy on this level reflected a more profound difference of opinion on the general meaning of political action. For Kennedy, the key problem in 1968 was to develop a more viable pluralism, to organize and bring into the political system those whose interests and concerns were not being given adequate attention by the existing power centers. For McCarthy the problem was pluralism itself: the system which allowed each power group to write its own laundry list of demands without consideration of national priorities, the public interest or the general good. For Kennedy the war in Vietnam was an aberration, a case of one power group (the military) miscalculating and overextending itself. For McCarthy the war was not an aberration, but part and parcel of the post-World War II policy-making process.

"I hoped," says McCarthy, "we could prove to ourselves and to the waiting

THE DISCARD

My son broods
Somewhere lying formless
This night of the dying embryo
I saw his skull in the sunset hurled
Red-stained hair and finger stubs
What I had strained with every ligament
to form
Till I had poured the power of my bones
In liquid pellets to the mold of love
Now ripped in muscle and chromosome
Flesh in formation, still uncurled
But a brain I sense already brooding
Rich with blood that matches mine
Searching for his father's eyes
Blind in the night of his father's love

Larry Rubin

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world that the politics of reason and of conscience could also be the politics of success." Here in a nutshell is the problem. The McCarthy campaign proved, in his words, that a significant "constituency of conscience" exists in America. Without such a constituency, peace, justice, and survival itself might well be unattainable. But if that constituency cannot be mobilized, if its conscience can be aroused only under the banner of moralizing self-righteousness, if it cannot move from protest to politics, then the McCarthy campaign of 1968 will be but a footnote to history and a very small footnote at that. □

Red Wedge

ART AND REVOLUTION: Ernst Neizvestny and the Role of the Artist in the U.S.S.R. *By John Berger. Pantheon Books. 191 pp. $5.75. Paper $1.95.*

SIMON KARLINSKY
Mr. Karlinsky is professor of Slavic languages and literature at the University of California. He is the author of Marina Cvetaeva: Her Life and Art *(University of California Press).*

One of the more obviously visible links between the New Left youth in the West and the Russian October Revolution is the current fad for Russian revolutionary posters. Featured in *Evergreen* magazine a few years ago, these posters of the earliest years of the Soviet regime are on permanent display in the Mayakovsky Gallery on the Kurfürstendamm in West Berlin, they adorn the halls of the Nanterre campus of the Sorbonne, and can be seen in students' apartments in Berkeley.

One afternoon late last spring, two young men with bushy hair-dos, in the colorful togs of the "now generation," were admiring the more abstract of these posters in a San Francisco art shop. "That's the kind of art they have in Socialist countries. Great, huh?" exulted one of them. The salesman behind the counter (a German Jew, as it happened, a former inmate of a concentration camp) informed the boys that the Soviet posters on display were printed in Italy for a German publishing house. "East German, of course?" one of the youths offered hopefully. And when the salesman patiently explained that Ulbricht's Germany was even less likely than the present-day Soviet Union to export art work of such vivid originality, his explanations were simply dismissed. The posters *were* from Russia, they *were* revolutionary, the boys identified with them, and they did not want to be bugged by irrelevant historical background material.

One of these posters, El Lissitsky's 1919 "Smash the Whites with a Red Wedge," is also reproduced in John Berger's subtle, perceptive and occasionally confused book about the present-day Soviet sculptor, Ernst Neizvestny. A decorated hero of World War II, a convinced Marxist and, as far as anyone knows, a loyal supporter of the Soviet regime, Neizvestny chooses to follow the dictates of his own unique and powerful talent and to express himself in artistic forms and styles proper to the century in which he lives instead of those 19th-century academic ones that go in the Soviet Union by the name of Socialist Realism. To exceed the narrow confines of Socialist Realism either thematically or stylistically is almost inevitably interpreted by the Soviet cultural authorities as an act of disloyalty to the professed ideals of the Soviet state. The transgressing artist is deprived of any coverage in the press and other media, barred from publishing or exhibiting his work and, in general, relegated to the status of an Orwellian un-person.

Neizvestny is by no means the only truly modern artist in the Soviet Union today and he is not even necessarily the best one. But because of the notoriety his name achieved after his celebrated confrontation with Nikita Khrushchev at the Manege Exhibit of 1962, because of the mention of his work by the more daring younger poets, because of the patronage which he enjoys of some highly placed Soviet atomic physicists (John Berger fails to mention this last circumstance, although the backing of these affluent and prestigious scientists assured the sculptor's material survival), Neizvestny had become in the 1960s something of a figurehead in the struggle of the Soviet artists for a modicum of artistic freedom. And since it is the style of Neizvestny (remotely based on such Western models as Henry Moore and Fernand Léger) that is so shocking and immoral in the eyes of the Soviet cultural establishment, it is instructive to contrast his case with that of an artist who is, in a way, his counterpart in the two-pronged pressure against the stranglehold of Socialist Realism: the novelist Solzhenitsyn, who uses the traditional, officially approved form but goes beyond the established tolerance level in his themes and subject matter.

In his book, John Berger makes a strong and convincing case for the importance and profundity of Ernst Neiz-

Dr. Spock.
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vestny's art (and the numerous illustrations bear out his explications and arguments). He polemicizes eloquently against the state of things under which the work of this major artist is concealed from his countrymen. Whether intentional or not, Berger's polemics are directed (and valid) not only against the Soviet cultural bureaucracy but against all the simple-minded Russian utilitarian critics of the 19th century, whose views on art formed official Soviet aesthetics, and who insisted that good art must be immediately understandable to everyone and propagandistic in nature.

It is at the beginning of the book, when he tries to place Neizvestny's art in the general context of Russian modernist art of the 20th century, that Berger's statements occasionally become debatable or historically inaccurate. "Why do certain works and ideas, created in Russia between 1917 and 1923, refer to the future in 1968?" Berger asks, and elsewhere in the book he keeps referring to 1917 as the central, key year for modern Russian art. It was, of course, no such thing. The revolutionary works and ideas Berger admires (the painting of Malevich and Kandinsky, for example, or the poetry of Blok and Mayakovsky) were all, paradoxically, the products of the heady pre-revolutionary decades, when visual and other arts in Russia enjoyed a greater intellectual and artistic freedom than at any time before or since. Even the currently popular post-revolutionary posters imitate or develop styles that were in existence by 1910.

It was in pre-1917 Czarist Russia which, John Berger tells us, was "still politically an absolutist state without democratic liberties," where plays by Andreyev and Gorky advocating a proletarian revolution and a play by Zinaida Hippius urging a youth revolt were matter of factly published and performed; where Russian painters, such as Larionov, Kandinsky, Tatlin, Malevich and Rodchenko, were able to create a truly revolutionary modern Russian art. This art was grudgingly tolerated by Soviet authorities for a few brief years after the October Revolution. Yet, in the West it is often mistaken for a product of that revolution.

Most of the modernist painters themselves were eager to serve the revolution, but the new revolutionary leaders (with a few enlightened exceptions, such as Trotsky or Lunacharsky) invariably preferred mediocrity to novelty and originality in the arts. Censorship of content was an old story under the czars. Now, in addition, the far more deadly control over style and form was officially imposed, to be finally codified by 1930. The new Soviet academy had administrative powers of suppression undreamt of by the old 19th-century academy. Still banned in the Soviet Union, the modernist Russian art of the pre-revolutionary period is now undergoing several simultaneous minor revivals in the outside world. Its present-day appeal can be explained by the numerous inescapable parallels between the cultural and political mood of our epoch and that of pre-revolutionary Russia.

"Chronology is a key to understanding," Marina Cvetaeva once wrote. By disregarding or oversimplifying Russian art history, John Berger fails to give his reader an adequate picture of *how* and *why* Ernst Neizvestny and his oppressors got into their present predicament. But his book is still eminently worth reading for the *what* of Ernst Neizvestny's art that it so successfully conveys. The book makes us understand Neizvestny's work and, after reading it, only a very insensitive or uninformed reader will fail to admire the sculptor's moral and artistic courage. The increasingly oppressive atmosphere of Soviet cultural life in the past year makes one close the book with a sense of apprehension for this fine sculptor's future. □

'Singing To Spite This Hunger'

A PROBABLE VOLUME OF DREAMS. *By Marvin Bell. Atheneum Publishers. 82 pp. Paper $3.95.*

GROWING INTO LOVE. *By X. J. Kennedy. Doubleday & Co. 96 pp. $4.50. Paper $1.95.*

HENRY TAYLOR

Mr. Taylor teaches English at the University of Utah. He has published a volume of poems, The Horse Show at Midnight *(LSU Press), and translations in various anthologies. He is now completing a translation of Euripides'* The Children of Herakles *for Atheneum.*

Both of these collections are substantial and distinctive, and both poets have won the Academy of American Poets' Lamont Award—Kennedy for his first book, *Nude Descending a Staircase*, and Bell for the present collection.

Bell and Kennedy are essentially serious poets with a strong sense of humor and the wit to display it gracefully. Kennedy's prodigious technical gifts often lead him into light verse, which he is able to raise above the usual level; in this respect he is in the tradition of Auden and William Jay Smith. Bell, though he does not write what we usually think of as light verse, often deploys barrages of surrealistic humor, somewhat in the manner of Mark Strand or James Tate.

These are quite different ways of being funny; the poems which result share few common qualities. But any use of humor in an essentially serious poem requires a kind of intelligence which is rare among poets, though poets often praise it: Kennedy and Bell not only see themselves and their surroundings clearly but they render them without overinflation. Both poets have the ability to make sense, rather than gratuitous use, of more or less subjective imagery. Such imagery is more abundant in Bell's poetry; Kennedy, when he introduces it, seems to have kept more firmly in mind Richard Wilbur's statement that "it is a great vice to convey everything by imagery. . . . There ought to be areas of statement." But both poets try to free subjective images from hermeticism, and each is successful in his own way. The world each poet creates and inhabits arises out of a confrontation with today's world, not out of withdrawal from it.

The Lamont Award is presented annually to a first book by an American poet. There is some flexibility in the use of the term "first book"; in 1966 the Stone Wall Press brought out, in a limited edition, a collection of Bell's poems called *Things We Dreamt We Died For*. Sixteen poems from that collection are reprinted in this new one, which contains a total of fifty-three poems. But if this technicality at all diminishes the strength of Bell's claim to the award, his qualifications as a poet are more than enough to restore confidence in the selection committee.

Bell's range—the variety of themes, tones and line lengths which he has mastered—is quite wide. The inclusion of the sixteen earlier poems shows how far Bell has extended his range since they first appeared. His voice is sometimes evasive, often idiosyncratic, so that the reader is simultaneously engaged and kept, for a time, at a distance. This effect is sometimes achieved by means of a device which Strand and Tate also use; I mean the use of an addressed "you" who is more like a translated "I," as in this passage from "World War III":

You decide against shelter.
Instead, you stand on your porch.

In the sun,
that old fireball,

you stand on your porch with your family.
You tell them not to worry.

It's a nice day, you say,
such warmth on your skin.

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This poem exemplifies the style of the reprinted poems, though it is not one of them; Bell has not entirely abandoned his earlier manner. The style of those poems is lean, with short lines and sentences which carry an economy of emotion which would constrict if it were not for Bell's control over the placement of ironies like "that old fireball" and "such warmth on your skin." It is lines like this last one which George Starbuck must have in mind when he speaks, in his jacket blurb for this book, of "the cool wisecrack giving itself away as outcry."

The conscientious wit which keeps the earlier poems from going flat has also directed the development of Bell's style toward the more discursive poems which are collected for the first time in this book. The economy remains, but the range of emotion and the depth of exploration are increased; the resulting poems are characterized by longer lines and a more inclusive vision. Even the surrealistic humor has been extended to include such verbal exuberance as the following, spoken by a poet who is "locked in/ the English Department":

My friends rally round. They were expected to
do this. With refrains. Tunes. Lips.
With brace and bit and biting epigram
they bore the walls, release and welcome me.

["On Returning to Teach"]

Bell's poems move out from a great variety of departure points; in this limited space, I cannot give a fair indication of his versatility. He is concerned with war, love and the kinds of mental life in which a poet and teacher is caught up. He approaches these subjects as a man remembering, thinking and believing. If his music is low key, it is almost always appropriate to his themes.

"Toward Certain Divorce," which is among the best poems in the volume, is a narrative meditation spoken by a visitor in the home of a man and a woman who are planning to separate. The last few lines are typical of the later, more discursive style; they show that a poet, if he is strong enough, can handle the problem of sentimentality, not by avoiding it but by facing it squarely and earning his use of it. The speaker has just asked if he shouldn't be good enough to stop the separation "by singing to spite this hunger":

And can I propose the self's satisfaction
if commanded to, and rise, thus, above you,
in alteration of the solitary soul
which poets worth salt take as their task?

I am afraid I have only the casual prophecy
and not the life of the word, that energy,
within me, though I have sworn to seek it.
Swear to me, that you leave to seek it too.

As I have suggested, a basic difference between Bell and Kennedy is one of style; Kennedy is a traditional formalist and Bell is not. Kennedy's humorous effects depend on the usual devices of light verse, as in this stanza from an "Ode" to his backside:

Why, when it seems I speak straight from the heart
Most solemn thought, do you too have to speak,
Let out a horselaugh, whistle as I break
The news to mother that I must depart?

Like Auden and Smith, Kennedy can tune the music of his forms precisely to the various attitudes of his speakers, and so can avoid, in his serious poems, the cloying cuteness which often invades the dead-pan poems of such light-verse virtuosos as Phyllis McGinley and John Updike. Even within the same poem, Kennedy can make successful shifts of tone by increasing or decreasing his dependence on light-verse techniques. In a long poem called "Reading Trip," he recounts an experience which many poets have had, but which few have seen so clearly. The poem is wildly playful in spots, as when the poet encounters, during the question-and-answer session, a young man who asks, "Don't you find riming everything a drag?"

A drag, man? Worse than that! Between the eyes,
I take the blade of his outrageous stare.
Whoever crosses him, the varlet dies,
Trapped Guest to his unancient Mariner:
"Get with it, baby, what you want to be
So artsy-craftsy for? Screw prosody . . ."

The trip is recounted in familiar detail, which is partly the source of the humor —Kennedy's typed characters and situations are funny because we know them. But the familiarity also imparts a wistful quality to the poem. A poet's intensity may be heightened by the experience of being a "trapped Guest," but even the intensity becomes routine after a while, as James Dickey has shown in his brilliant, often hilarious essay, "Barnstorming for Poetry." Kennedy captures the wistfulness, and the cyclical nature of the process, in his concluding stanza:

Edge out into the dusk to claim my slot
In the home-droning traffic, less and less
The bard on fire, more one now with the blot
That hoods the stars above Los Angeles,
Hard gunning, on the make for far-off nights,
Like any other pair of downcast brights.

This poem is not as slight as it may at first seem; the playfulness is part of a serious vision.

Most of the poems in this collection exhibit a remarkable control, though few of them pull together so wide a range of tones. Of those which are more obviously serious, the best are in "Countrymen," the middle section of the book. Here Kennedy has assembled several character sketches and dramatic monologues; these poems best demonstrate his imagination, compassion and involvement with contemporary life.

Through all the forms and voices of his monologues, there comes Kennedy's own quite distinctive voice, which is characterized by a high degree of tension and an astonishing ability to absorb and revivify the flat rhythms and colloquialisms of contemporary American speech. Here, for example, is the second stanza of "O'Riley's Late-Bloomed Little Son":

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They say she's past her change of life.
You'll see them Saturdays
In the back yard, her breaking ground
For a white birch, him on a mound
No higher than that where their hope lies,
Reaching, cold beer in other hand,
For Lucille and Camille's pop flies.

Each of these books is broader and deeper than I have had the space to indicate. It is our time which accounts for most of the similarities between them; what accounts for the distinctive qualities I have mentioned is not so easily analyzed, but it is within each of the poets, and it is growing. If I had to say which of the books I prefer, I would probably choose Kennedy's; but that is not very significant, since there are few enough poets around who are better than Bell. I am grateful for both of them, and for not having to choose. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

I have said it many times: nowadays theatre Off-Broadway is more arresting than theatre on. This does not mean that Off-Broadway frequently attains the stature of anything like "art." Entertainments there are often inept and crude. But there is a reaching toward expression motivated by a need to do or say something beyond just producing another show. And every once in a while there is a discovery.

Ron Cowen's *Summertree* (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal Street) was first presented at the Forum of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center. It aroused an enthusiasm for which I found little justification. Perhaps the author's youth, his manifest honesty, touched the play's admirers.

In its new and even more modest house it strikes me as a nice boy's play—a first step. It is a memorial to a very young man who is killed in Vietnam. We see his dumb, well-meaning father urging him to be more "practical" (the boy aspires to be a musician), pressing him to do his duty bravely on the distant battlefield. The domestic scenes (with father, mother, junior brother, girl friend) are all as simple as can be, not at all maudlin, and in their primal candor they appeal to folk for whom such attributes are sufficient. No errors, no hits, no runs—a neat bunt.

Seven Days of Mourning by L. S. Simckes (Circle in the Square), called a "fable," is fabulously vile. Ugly naturalism in a local Jewish ghetto, it is frankly awful and presumably funny, with perhaps an allegoric intent (redemption through squalor and sin). I found the occasion intolerable. But such is the condition of the theatre at present that there are some who seek to find "theatre of absurd" merits and morals in the mess.

Five on the Black Hand Side by Charles L. Russell (American Place Theatre) is a play about the woman worm who turns on her fathead, domineering husband, a Harlem barber, and who with the aid of friends, members of the family, and others in the community brings the duffer to a semblance of reason. In itself this is thin stuff.

There are, however, a few compensations. A variety of Harlem types are introduced, particularly in the barber shop scene; some of these are genially drawn, with a rifflike abandon. They are close enough to reality to evoke gusts of laughter from those familiar with the environment. But they also approach the old-time vaudeville types that used to be performed by white comics in blackface, and that worried me. The play's slack construction forces the director, Barbara Ann Teer, and the attractively energetic company—Errol Jaye, Clarice Taylor (wonderful at the Negro Ensemble Theatre last season) and Judyann Elder—to "push" too hard.

Martin Duberman's *The Memory Bank* (Tambellini's Gate Theatre, 162 Second Avenue) is one of the best-produced offerings recently seen Off-Broadway. Harold Stone's direction is meticulously clear. It might be thought a bit too deliberate, but this fault—if it is one—creates suspense in the first part of the evening—a sketch called "The Recorder." In this piece, Fred Stewart is admirable for the economy with which he projects shifts of thought and unspoken but palpable meanings of shrewdness, caution and deviousness. In the longer section of the dual bill, "The Electric Map," Laurence Luckinbill is superb for an "ordinariness" coupled with hysterical intensity.

Nevertheless, these intelligently written and, in a sense, provocative plays struck me as slight—an impression produced by the incongruity between their thought content and their "stories." Complementary in theme, both relate to an idea which the author, a Princeton professor of history who organized the material which composed *In White America*, has ably set forth in his essays. Duberman tells us in "The Recorder" that history may be truer as poetry than as science. "Facts are fools," someone has said, and even the tape recorder which an interviewer employs to register statements about an anonymous personage by the man's intimate friend may be unreliable. Memory is faulty, however scrupulously it may be employed, and except through imagination there is no way to approximate the truth.

In "The Electric Map" a young man is passionately devoted to a description of the Battle of Gettysburg, using for the purpose a huge grid which indicates the movement of troops by varicolored lights. We learn that by caring so intensely about the electric map the young man is hiding from the painful facts of his personal life.

Thus while the first segment of *The Memory Bank* casts doubt on historical documentation, the second is dubious about the nature of historians: they may seek out glories of the past because they fear the present.

One need not quarrel with either contention. The trouble is that in both cases the essential dramatic action is concerned with sexual anomalies. The man investigated in "The Recorder" seems to have been more or less impotent; the fanatic of history in "The Electric Map" is a homosexual and pitifully in trouble on that account. Using sexual embroilments to sustain the stated themes is disappointing and, by this time, somewhat banal.

Fred Voelpel's two sets are striking. In operation, the electric map is an amusing device and momentarily exciting. I asked myself why this fairly simple optical gimmick is so much more effective than the far more elaborate and sensational scenic tricks one constantly sees in movies.

I pass hastily over *Sambo* by Ron Stewart and Neal Tate at the Public Theater. Described in the program as "a black opera with white spots," it has been hailed by one eager reviewer as a breakthrough in musical theatre. Its import is easily grasped, despite the fact that, as sung, very few of the words can be understood. This symbolic musical charade tells us that the black man is a child and that it is dastardly as well as futile to turn him from his true nature. The staging and setting are decorative but hardly significant as dance or design, and the music is unarousing.

Joseph Walker's *The Harangues*, as presented by the Negro Ensemble Company with incidental music by Dorothy Dinroe, is another example of impassioned black theatre which is interesting

SNOW

It is as though the thought of angels fell
Ejaculating from a cloud
The syllables congeal in near
Aluminum skies
To this spindrift our footsteps bruise

Daniel Hoffman

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only because it is impassioned. The acting is generally good and in the case of Douglas Turner Ward it is brilliant. He speaks rapidly, with an incisive vehemence and clarity which lend everything he utters a special vibration of meaning. The first of the evening's harangues (there are two, which are emblematically pictorial and hymnal) is a short melodrama in which a young Negro plots the murder of his prospective white (Texan) millionaire father-in-law and is himself mowed down by the man (actually a Harlem Italian) and several of his black henchmen.

In the second harangue, Asura, a black street "prophet," threatens to kill two "unworthy" blacks and two whites (one of the latter pair, a girl, is eventually spared because Asura comes to find that she has human "value"). Asura too is killed by one of the blacks. The play is somewhat baffling until the final point is made. Walker writes with an articulate vigor to which Douglas Ward adds his fire. The author is not a "racist"; he condemns humankind as a whole for its stupidity, cruelty, insane betrayal of good faith. The last sentence of the play, in which the dying Asura spits out his contempt in a telling obscenity, struck me as universally justified when we reach the mood of despairing disgust over our perpetually foul savagery.

This brings me to LeRoi Jones's *Slaveship*, now at the Theatre in the Church, 137 West 4th Street. From what I had read about it after its first performance at the Brooklyn Academy of Music I expected it "to scare me to death." Nothing of the sort happened. I was fascinated by the play—full of raucous sound but very few words—as a theatrical phenomenon.

It begins with a picture of the sufferings inflicted on Africans being shipped in the filthy holds of boats to be sold as slaves in America. It proceeds to equally horrendous scenes in the slave markets of the South. It then turns to the consequences of Nat Turner's rebellion. Following this we witness the false solace of religious prayer meetings among the blacks and their later determination to rise against oppression.

None of this is "new" except for the excellence of Gilbert Moses' direction, aided by the arrangement of Eugene Lee's construction of the playing areas. These are on several levels: the ship's deck and hold (later used for the auction of slaves) and various other platforms placed all about us and from which players speak, music is played, semi-choral movement and song are projected. The audience is caught in the overall ferment, made aware of an enormous ground swell which is at once obscure and throbbing with gigantic energy. One realizes the possibility of a frenzied and overpowering outbreak.

This does not signify "kill all whites!"; it implies a situation from which great devastation may ensue. What affected me most, however, was not any ideological pronouncement or triumph of stagecraft; the outstanding factor was the quality of the cast. Some of the players have enough stage experience to do justice to individual roles in other than mass dramas, but here all the actors move together, adjust to one another with a seemingly spontaneous coordination and unity which can be achieved only when a common inspiration of blood and brain, heart and flesh inform the whole. This therefore, apart from any other consideration, is *theatre*.

Such groups as the Living Theatre aim at similar attainments, but the results for the most part are forced, unsightly and sympathetic only by an extra stretch of will. The very sophisticated and artful Grotowski ensemble arrives at something like this coherence in "wildness." The *Slaveship* company is in the purest sense of the term *tribal*, hence unassumingly impressive. □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

Although current discussion of the musical scene appears to agree that its major problem is financial, the situation may be more complex. To be sure, inflation has brought a crisis in serious music sooner than it might otherwise have come, but a shrinkage of the currently established institutions, however painful for many individuals and organizations, seems inevitable from a long-range point of view. The ecology of musical life has undergone fundamental changes in the last twenty years, and one can safely predict that the revolution is not yet over. The problem of sustaining an alive and functioning musical culture in the present state of American civilization has—not surprisingly to those who have remained skeptical about the so-called "cultural explosion"—resisted solution by the indiscriminate construction of physical facilities designed for the pre-media musical era and predicated upon the same casual expectations of continued (and desirable) population expansion that have influenced business decisions in the postwar years. It is time to see where we stand.

The single most important factor in the altered musical structure of the last twenty years is the recording. Development of the long-playing record and of magnetic tape made possible the vast expansion of an industry previously subsidiary (in both classical and popular fields) to the "live music" community. The relationship is today well on its way to being reversed. Reputations are made on records, not at Town Hall debuts or in the Persian Room; new works are disseminated—if at all—more effectively by recordings than by performances; and an increasing amount of new music, whether classical or popular, can be said to exist only in recorded form, impossible to reproduce in "live performance."

This tail-wagging-dog phenomenon has

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had a less violent effect on the popular music field (with the exception of jazz), for Tin Pan Alley has always been consumption-oriented anyway. But the effort to turn classical music into a consumer product, at least on a scale sufficient to gratify the major American record companies, now shows signs of running out of steam. During the 1950s, many people assembled modest collections of long-playing records, and the novelty of "high fidelity" certainly helped things along. Then, in the late fifties and early sixties, planned obsolescence, in the form of stereophonic recordings, managed to stimulate another round of accumulation, but the indications are that this market stimulus has now spent its force. Another gimmick is in the wings, of course: "quadriphonic stereo," which would require four-channel tape recorders, amplifiers and speakers, but nobody really believes that this expensive device will produce a market on the scale of the previous ones.

Without some such technological lure it will probably not be possible to continue selling classical records at the pace of years past. The public that has made up this relatively mass market is, first of all, not very adventurous with respect to repertory, and second, not really interested in (or able to discriminate between) variant performances of the same music. (The exception here is the opera public, which finds differences of vocal timbre easy to hear and endlessly fascinating; I am told that the sale of opera recordings is holding up fairly well.) The search for "new" old repertory is reaching the point of diminishing returns, at least for the big companies and the large musical organizations that they have under contract, and the estrangement between contemporary composer and public seems to preclude the otherwise obvious possibility of gearing the classical market, like the popular, to a fashion-oriented consumption of novelty.

This does not mean that there will be no more classical records, for Europe will take up a good deal of the slack; costs are lower there, and the local markets are still expanding. But the reduction in recording royalties comes at an inopportune moment for American musical organizations, which need every penny they can lay their hands on. Unfortunately, unions rather than management control the costs of recording here, and rates are geared to the supposition that recordings can cost musicians their jobs —an understandably militant point of view, which ignores the fact that the war is already lost on that front. The audience that accepts recordings as an adequate substitute for the experience of live performance is already out of reach, and will buy European recordings if it cannot get American ones. In the circumstances, it would seem common sense for the musicians to make themselves competitive—but hardly anybody acquainted with the history of craft unions is very optimistic that this will come to pass.

Recordings, along with the other "home entertainment media," have accelerated the dilution of the urban publics that in the past supported the performing arts. Even many who are aware of the difference between a record and a concert are willing to put up with the former if the latter becomes too expensive or inconvenient, as it certainly has for the average suburbanite. Thus recordings have contributed to the process of thinning out the cultural cement that holds together city life; as the central city becomes less tolerable in other ways, the media weaken their indispensability for the culturally oriented.

At the same time, the emigration of parts of the musical public has not, in general, brought with it a comparable migration of cultural activity, for outside the cities (with the exception of college and university towns), there is rarely in one place a sufficient concentration of serious audience to support the kind of varied musical life that has been common in urban centers. And since serious listening to classical recordings (as distinct from their use for purposes of conversational background) is predominantly a solitary activity, the sense of community that has been a traditional characteristic of musical audiences is being gradually eroded.

Indeed, the very nature and quality of the listening experience would seem to be different with records, although I should be very hesitant to try to generalize about this. At least partial confirmation can be seen in the fact that electronic music has already brought about, among composers, the concept of "music to be reproduced" as opposed to "music to be performed" (an opposition first so phrased by Charles Wuorinen), a stylistic dichotomy which may conceivably develop, with the art adapting itself to the conditions of the medium.

(We have already seen, in the emergence of aleatory music, a kind of music "*not* to be reproduced," but the force of the aesthetic point intended by its creators has been somewhat blunted by their willingness to allow its petrification in recordings.)

What these observations lead to, I am not certain, but they are offered as a basis for discussion at a time when many people in the world of serious music are concerned about the continuity of the art. It is always tempting to go on in the patterns of the past, even when the conditions of the past no longer obtain. The old order can be shored up only so often, and it is well past the time when the new conditions should have been defined. Instead, more and more money has been thrown into alleviation of problems that are obsolete. I hope, in future columns, to explore other aspects of this question. □

ELECTION

Abomination
The abomination
Which lay at our roots
In the garages
The all-night restaurants, cardboard
Mock-ups with desires and without parentage
They have caught us
We are caught in them, the young
Never so beautiful, never before
Tho it has been said before
So beautiful, never so in love
With freedom, with song, with each other, but caught

George Oppen

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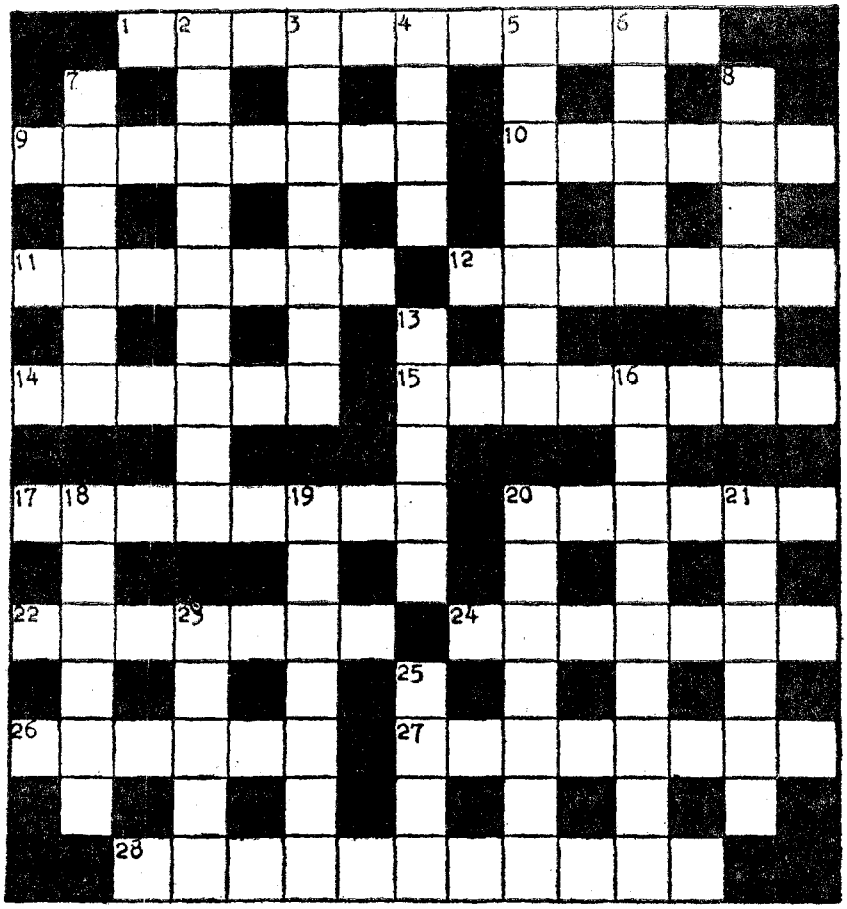

ACROSS

1 Perhaps used by one of those charming speakers. (11)
9 They might entertain the idea of a best car design. (8)
10 and 15 Not cool and collected, but you can find both there, and do as well. (3,3,8)
11 London-associated dish—not the type you can see through! (3,4)
12 Encouragement to the iron worker? (5,2)
14 They're likely to be pushed uphill. (6)
15 See 10 across
17 They're not supposed to be good for holding glasses and dresses. (8)
20 More apt speech? (6)
22 Those who get one may be gratified, and possibly vain, too. (7)
24 Certainly not doing any good, possibly from missing nothing in the haul. (7)
26 Lacking a certain amount of color. (6)
27 Meant to be the old attributive of brides.
28 One might testify to the truth. (11)

DOWN

2 With craft, a lover might hope to become a mate. (9)
3 Proving there might be ways of making even U.S.A. different! (7)
4 The usual solution has it, too. (4)
5 Eager for what a man can raise in Mandalay, according to Kipling. (7)
6 Charges 9 might make having disengaged the taxi. (5)
7 What a dragster might holler, given a flower cluster? (6)
8 Lies on the inside of a shoe, perhaps. (6)
13 Possibly taken on an error, if humble.
16 As a possible item sent, a single example of 9 without show? (9)
18 Singularly, 6 may be about worthless.
19 How to press for what the golfer might get at times? (4,3)
20 Capitals without a possibly adaptable nature? (7)
21 Possibly piano pieces have a point, with duets no longer in order. (6)
23 Food for a journey to the orient? (5)
25 Put into an ill humor. (4)

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ACROSS: 1 and 11 Airplane luggage; 10 Earring; 12 False; 14 Cable; 16 Distorts; 19 Outshone; 22 There; 24 Reproving; 26 Earth; 28 Kitchen; 29 In order; 30 Nursed; 31 Threnody. DOWN: 1 and 5 across A perfect fright; 2 Rural; 3 Loiterers; 4 Niggard; 6 and 13 Right about face; 7 Guarantee; 8 Theses; 9 Floors; 15 Blue peter; 17 On the nose; 18 Lethargy; 20 Onions; 23 and 21 Broken English; 25 Ochre; 27 Radio.

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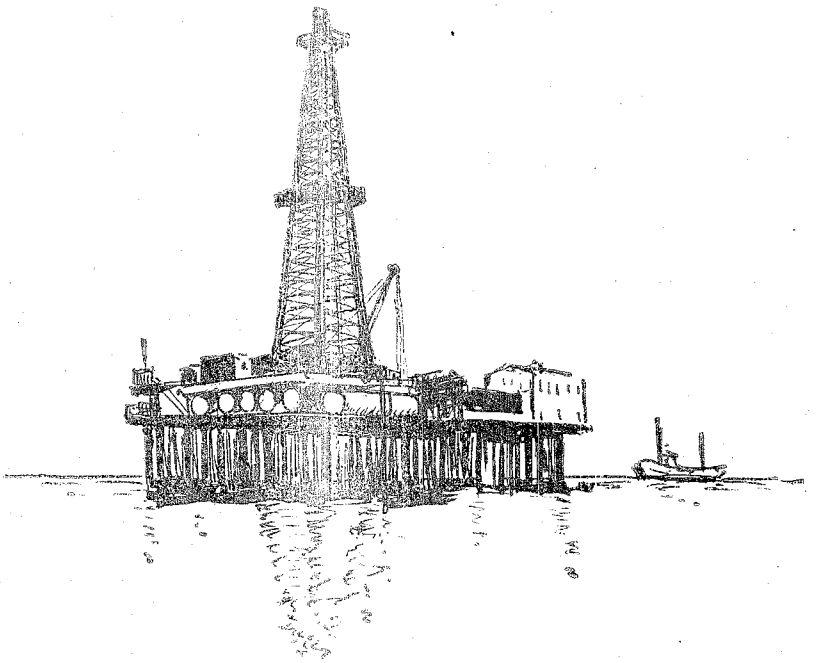

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